Newport Mercury.

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The Mercury.

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JOHN P. SANBORN, Editor.

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THE NEWPORT MERCURY was established in June, 1758, and is now in its one hundred and forty-third year. It is the oldest newspaper in the Union, and, with less than half a dozen exceptions, the oldest printed in the English language. It is a large quarto weekly of forty-eight columns filled with interesting reading—editorial, State, local and general news, well selected miscellany and valuable farmers' and household departments. Reaching so many households in this and other states, the limited space given to advertising is very valuable to business men.

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Societies Occupying Mercury Hall.

MALBONE LODGE No. 93, N. E. O. P., William H. Thomas, Warden; James H. Goddard, Secretary; meets 1st and 3d Thursday evenings in each month.

THE NEWPORT HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY, Robert Laurie, President; Robert Johnston, Secretary; meets 2nd and 4th Wednesday evenings of each month.

REDWOOD LODGE, No. 11, K. of P., James F. Beaumont, Chancellor Commander; Robert S. Franklin, Keeper of Records and Seals; meet every Friday evening.

DAVIS DIVISION No. 8, U. R. K. of P., Sir Knight Captain George A. Wilcox; Everett I. Gorton, Recorder; meets first Friday evening in each month.

NEWPORT CAMP, No. 7677, M. W. A., F. Augustus Ward, Ven. Consul; Charles S. Parker, Clerk. Meets 2nd and 4th Tuesday evenings of each month.

Local Matters.

Street Railroad Extension.

The Newport and Fall River Street Railway Co. have asked permission to extend their rails in Newport down Broadway and through Washington square to or near Thames street in front of the old City Hall. The City Council has taken action on the subject so far as to give notice of a public hearing to take place in the new city hall on Monday evening, December 10th. There seems to be no good reason why the request should not be granted under proper restriction and the road be extended immediately. There is plenty of street room on the route proposed to be used and there is ample room on the Parade for the car tracks. If the cars of this line come into the city and land their passengers at a convenient locality in the trade district it will bring much more trade to Newport, which might in time be carried somewhere else. Newport needs to do all she can to foster trade. She should make it easy for people to get where there is a chance for trade and hence it will be a wise move to grant this privilege to the Newport and Fall River Line. Care, however, should be taken as to the selection of the location on the Parade and also as to the kind of rails to be used, as the tracks on the Parade or Washington square will have to be crossed much more frequently than they will on a straight street. Only the flush rail should be allowed to be laid. This is the kind of rail used in most cities and is much easier for carriages than the other kind of rail.

A New Industry.

The Newport Compressed Brick Company has received its charter from the Secretary of State. The incorporators named in the charter are: William Shepley, Melville Bull, and C. H. Sullivan. A meeting of the corporation was held in the office of City Solicitor J. Stacy Brown yesterday afternoon, when officers were elected. Mr. William Shepley was chosen president and treasurer, Hon. Melville Bull, vice president, Mr. Charles B. Marsh, secretary, and Mr. Taylor, of the firm of Taylor, Carr & Andrews, general manager.

The Compressed Brick Company has ordered machinery for its new plant and expects to receive the same by December 8. Negotiations are under way to secure property belonging to Miss Hunter, near the Van Zandt avenue bridge, where the new factory will be installed. The plant will have a capacity of 20,000 bricks a day, and as one of the incorporators remarked, "We can make bricks so cheap that we will be accused of stealing them." There are already large contracts on hand to be filled as soon as the factory can be put in operation.

Mrs. William J. O. Young, who has been spending a few weeks with her relatives at North Haverhill, N. H., returned home recently after a very pleasant visit.

Masters Howard and Raymond Langley have been confined to their homes on Chase street the past week by illness.

The Bell Hearing.

Tuesday afternoon Dr. C. M. Bell and his son, Demilstoun M. Bell, visited the police station, where a warrant was served on the younger man. The warrant was sworn out by his father and declared that he was of unsound mind and in need of restraint, both for his own interest and for the interest of the city. The case was at once tried before Judge Baker, the witnesses being Dr. George F. Keene, superintendent of the state hospital for the insane, and Dr. C. F. Barker. Young Bell's counsel, Col. William P. Sheffield, Jr., was present to look after his client's interests.

Dr. Keene was called as a witness, and deposed that for nearly 18 years he had been the head of the state institution for the insane and at the present time had 740 patients under his care. He had spent three hours in an examination of Bell in company with Dr. Barker and was convinced that he is insane, or a degenerate, caused by epilepsy. He is subject to "imperative conceptions" which he cannot control. He is dangerous to be at large. This form of degeneracy began in early youth, and other similar cases were cited by the witness.

Dr. Barker was the next witness and he told of the result of his examination, stating that after a thorough examination he was convinced that Bell is insane. The witness stated that the shape of his head, his face, manner and voice led to the same conclusion.

Judge Baker examined both witnesses carefully and at considerable length. Dr. Bell, the father, was asked by Judge Baker if he wished to say anything. He spoke of the young man's exemplary life and of his excitement at fires. He said that he had previously had no suspicion of his son's insanity but was forced to believe that he is irresponsible. He told of the aimlessness of the crimes charged against him.

Judge Baker's verdict was that young Bell was of unsound mind and in need of restraint. He was committed into the custody of his parents to be placed under restraint in some retreat, the state to be at all times acquainted with the place selected. Bloomingdale Asylum was chosen by Dr. Bell, and this being acceptable to the authorities, he was removed to that institution Tuesday night. One of the founders of this institution was an uncle of the unfortunate young man.

Mianetuck Golf Club.

Alterations and improvements are under way at the Mianetuck Golf Club that will make the course much better next season than ever before. The fair greens of several holes that have been in unsatisfactory condition in the past have been ploughed up and smooth turf will replace the uneven surface that has given rise to harsh remarks by reason of the many cuppy lies. Several holes will be lengthened by placing the tees further back and one green, the second, will be changed from its present position on a difficult level spot to a more satisfactory location. The whole course will be considerably longer than at present but the improvements in the fair greens will make it possible to cover the course in a fewer number of strokes than can be done now. The brook has been thoroughly cleaned out in preparation for the winter rains. A number of the members of the Newport Golf Club will join the Mianetuck Club before another season opens, and the club is altogether in a very satisfactory condition.

A Burglar Captured.

Monday night, as Officer Barker was patrolling his beat, he caught a glimpse of some one inside of the store occupied by the Model Clothing Company in the Horgan building. The policeman gave the alarm and after surrounding the store closed in on the intruder. When captured he proved to be a young man about 19 years of age named Malcolm King. A search of the store revealed the fact that a considerable quantity of goods had been piled up, preparatory to removal. King was arraigned before Judge Baker Tuesday morning and pleaded not guilty. He was committed for examination on Friday. Had it not been for the vigilance of Officer Barker it is probable that another would have been added to the list of mysterious breaks which have been rather numerous of late.

Early Morning Fire.

At about 1:30 Thursday morning an alarm was rung in for a fire in the building of F. W. Greene on Long wharf. When the department reached the spot volumes of smoke came issuing from the doors and windows of the building. It looked at first as though there was going to be a destructive fire, but there was found to be very little blaze and what fire there was was soon put out. The fire was in the rear of Sheehan's saloon and had burned through the partition of Mr. Greene's stable. The damage was slight.

Ferryboat Goes Ashore.

The steamer Beaver Tail has been on the line between Newport and Jamestown, as usual, while the Conanicut has been undergoing her regular winter overhauling. Last Tuesday afternoon she left here at 5:30 o'clock on her regular trip, having on board a fair number of passengers and considerable freight. The fog was dense, so that no object could be seen in front of the boat, and instead of heading at the ferry slip in Jamestown, she made a preliminary landing at Rose Island. The place where she struck was about the middle of the east side of the island. The steamer was found to be fast, having struck on a large rock. The island could not be seen even after the vessel struck.

A boat was lowered and officers came to this city for assistance. Champion's naphtha launch was secured and took the passengers and some of the freight to Jamestown. The launch then took the place of the ferry boat on the regular time table.

When the tide rose Wednesday morning the Beaver Tail backed off with the assistance of tug Sisson. The crew had remained on board during the night as had the horses and carriages, through necessity. The vessel proceeded to Jamestown and unloaded the rest of the freight and then proceeded to the Newport shipyard to be hauled out. The damages were not extensive.

Just how the steamer came to be so far out of her course is not accounted for, although her compass has been charged with the blame. The fog was so thick that it was necessary to place all dependence on the compass, the usual land marks being of no avail. The passengers were somewhat startled when the shock came but there was no panic. There was but one passenger that had a serious attack of fright.

Dredges Attached.

United States Deputy Marshal Stone of Providence went to Block Island last week on the steamer Danielson with writs of attachment for the dredge Empire State, at work in the channel connecting the new harbor with the sea, for dredge No. 4, belonging to the Hartford Dredging Co., and also for a tug in the employ of the Hartford Dredging Co.

The first attachment was made by Fenner Ball for a towing bill, the claim being for $1500; the second attachment was also made by Mr. Ball for water furnished, and amounted to something over $800, and the third attachment was for wages and was made by the engineer of the tug towing for dredge No. 4. There is no connection between the dredges or attachments. The attachment on dredge No. 4, which is at work on the channel between the new harbor and Indian Head Neck Pond, was released almost at once, the bill being paid under protest, so that the work could go on. The owner of the large dredge, at work on the Government contract, was not at the island, and the dredge was towed across the harbor and tied up at the dock. It is said that Mr. Ramderson, the owner, will contest the suit. If successful, the costs of detention, etc., to the plaintiff will be heavy.

James O'Connors, of Tiverton, was brought before Judge Baker Tuesday, charged with purloining. The prisoner pleaded guilty and was taken to Cranston by Chief of Police Gillan, of Tiverton, as he was unable to pay his stipend.

At the meeting of the police commission on Friday evening Mr. Cope Whitehouse appeared before the board and asked that some action be taken looking to an investigation of the Newport Hospital affairs.

Miss Abbie F. Shea, daughter of Mr. Michael F. Shea, will be married at St. Joseph's Church Wednesday morning, November 28. A reception will follow at the residence of the bride's father on Tilden avenue.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles W. Ruppe, who were recently married, have taken up their residence in Buffalo. Mrs. Ruppe was formerly Miss Emily W. Scott, daughter of Sergeant Scott, of Newport.

Mr. and Mrs. Frederick P. Garrettson sail today for a three weeks' trip and will visit various places in Cuba, crossing the island and paying a visit in Nassau.

Miss Rebekah K. Bosworth, who is in the employ of the Superintendent of Schools office is confined to her house with a severe attack of scarlet fever.

Mr. Percival Parrish, of this city, has been ordered to Cuba in connection with his duties with the engineer department.

Mr. Richard Scott is confined to his home, on Newport avenue, with a slight attack of typhoid fever.

Mr. William Benson and family, who have been spending a few days in New Bedford, have returned home.

Recent Deaths.

Alfred Greene.

Mr. Alfred Greene died at his residence on Third street on Tuesday in the seventy-fifth year of his age. He was for many years employed as engineer on the freight train that ran from Newport to Fall River. As old age began to make its appearance it brought to Mr. Greene failing health and incapacitated him in many ways, so he was retired from a position he had filled so faithfully for a long period. Despite the fact that he realized he was growing old he never gave up until the very last. He was a familiar feature of the Point, where he had resided for so long and will be greatly missed.

He leaves a widow and three daughters, Mrs. Robert M. Pike and Misses Annie and Sadie Greene. The deceased was a member of St. John's Lodge, No. 1, A. F. & A. M.

Mrs. John Austin.

Mrs. Happy Austin, wife of Mr. John Austin, and daughter of Assistant Engineer and Mrs. Oxx, died at her residence on Ledyard Place on Saturday morning last, after an illness of short duration. Mrs. Austin was a most estimable young woman and leaves a wide circle of relatives and friends to mourn her death.

A husband and three children survive her, the youngest being but a few weeks old. She also leaves a sister, Mrs. Arthur Anthony, of Portsmouth, and two brothers, Messrs. Harry and George Oxx.

The funeral took place from her late residence on Tuesday afternoon and was attended by a large number of relatives and friends.

Mrs. Emma Swan.

Word was received of the death of Mrs. Emma M. Swan, widow of William C. Swan, at Henderson, N. C., on Wednesday last, in the sixty-fifth year of her age.

Mr. and Mrs. Swan, during their early life, were residents of Newport and were well known throughout the city. Mr. Swan died a little less than a year ago. About two months ago Mrs. Swan was taken ill, and her death resulted from a complication of diseases.

She leaves a son, a daughter and a grandson in Henderson, N. C., and a brother, Mr. Daniel Beard, who resides in this city.

Mr. Francis Beard.

Mr. Francis Beard, formerly of this city, died at his residence in Brooklyn, N. Y., on Monday last. His death was the result of old age. Mr. Beard leaves a number of relatives residing in this city.

The body was brought to Newport yesterday morning and the interment was in the old cemetery.

A Prominent Hawaiian.

Robert W. Wilcox was at the recent election in Hawaii chosen delegate to represent that territory in Congress, being the representative of the native party as opposed to the whites. Mr. Wilcox is the son of a Newporter, Mr. William S. Wilcox, who lived for some time in Hawaii and married there a native woman. Several sons were the result of this union and of them Robert W. has been prominent in the unsettled affairs of that island. After the kingdom was changed to a republic and Dole was elected president, Wilcox headed a revolution in the interests of the deposed queen. He was unsuccessful and being taken was sentenced to death. His sentence was commuted, however, and he was set free.

Mr. William S. Wilcox left Newport in 1843 on a whaling voyage, his berth being that of first mate. When the ship arrived at Hawaii, after an alteration with the captain, he went ashore and settled there. He married and remained on the island until 1882 when he returned to Newport. He has since returned to Hawaii, however. While Mr. Wilcox was here, he took a great interest in Hawaiian affairs, and during the troubled times of the Revolution there, he followed his son's movements with interest. He was a frequent caller at this office, bringing copies of native papers showing the progress of affairs on the island. It is evident that the son inherits much of the energy and ambition of his father.

The so-called Shaw syndicate propose to erect an electric road between Fall River and Providence early next spring. The construction will be under the superintendence of E. P. Shaw, Jr., who managed the construction of the road between Newport and Fall River. Before another summer is over there will be two electric lines running between Providence and Fall River.

Dr. Peter F. Curley was moved from the Newport Hospital on Sunday last. There has been no improvement in his condition but it was felt that he was not gaining at the hospital so he was removed to his home where he could be with his family.

Mr. T. T. Pitman is enjoying a vacation in Wisconsin.

City Council.

A special meeting of the city council was held Wednesday evening at the request of the committee on streets and highways. The meeting was the first to be held in the new city hall. There was no very important business transacted and the meeting was not a lengthy one. Mayor Boyle presided in the board of aldermen, and in the absence of President Koehne, Councilmen Groff was chosen president pro tem of the common council.

A communication was received from the Newport & Fall River Street Railway Company. The communication set forth that in response to a demand on the part of the Newport public and business men it desired permission to extend its tracks through Broadway and Washington square, terminating at a point at or near Thames street and to establish the necessary turnouts, erect poles, wires, etc., the street commissioner, under the direction of the committee on streets and highways, to determine the location of the rails on the north side of the mall. The petition was signed by Melville Bull as vice president. The communication was received and a public hearing ordered. The common council adjourned before concurring in the action of the board of aldermen, but when the oversight was discovered quickly reassembled and took the proper action.

A report was received from the committee on streets and highways recommending the construction of granolithic sidewalks in Ayrault street between Kay and Catherine, and in Bellevue avenue, between Downing street and Bath road; also recommending the construction of a pipe sewer in Prospect Hill street between Thames and Spring streets at a cost of $600. The last named resolution was passed in concurrence. A resolution authorizing the work on sidewalks, as recommended, was adopted by the board of aldermen, but in the common council it met an untimely death by amendments. Half a dozen amendments were tacked on by the councilmen, who wanted a little for their own wards, and the final amendment by Councilman Sherman that "all streets not now provided with granolithic sidewalks have them at once" settled the matter.

A communication regarding a dilapidated fence was referred to the park commission. A resolution was adopted authorizing that the safe in the city treasurer's office be transferred to the school committee. A resolution was adopted authorizing the committee on fire department to engage an architect, procure plans, advertise for bids for the erection of a new hose tower, and report back to the city council.

A request of the committee on streets and highways for a further appropriation of $1,000 for special work was lost in the common council. A resolution passed the board of aldermen, authorizing the Newport Illuminating Company to transfer its contract with the city to the Newport & Fall River Street Railway company, but was laid on the table in the common council.

Mr. John E. Gorman, who represents the firms of Willis H. Rogers and Joseph A. Rich & Co., wholesale fish dealers, and who for four summers has been employed at Newport by these firms, having finished his season's engagement, has returned to his home in Somerville, Mass., after a very successful summer's work. During Mr. Gorman's visit to Newport he has, by his kind and courteous manner, won for himself a wide circle of friends and acquaintances, who look forward with pleasure for his return next season.

Miss Marina H. Simmons, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Lewis L. Simmons, underwent a serious surgical operation at her residence on Farewell street last week. The operation was performed by Dr. Stewart, assisted by Dr. Squire, the family physician. Miss Simmons is reported to be doing nicely, and the physicians are hopeful for her recovery.

Last Monday evening Mr. F. P. Garrettson, mayor-elect, entertained representatives of the Newport press and officers of the army and navy stationed here at a dinner at his residence. When the cigars were lighted interesting remarks were made by all present, and it was a late hour when the guests took their departure.

The cars of the island road are again running into Newport as far as Bull street. It is probable that before long the cars will run down Washington square as far as Thames street, as the city council will probably grant the franchise as requested.

The wedding of Miss Little, daughter of Lieutenant and Mrs. McCarthy Little, to Colonel Reginald Norman will take place Thursday, November 29, Thanksgiving Day.

A handsome tabernacle has been presented to the Zabriskie Memorial Church of St. John the Evangelist. It is said to have been the gift of Commodore Elbridge T. Gerry.

Wedding Bells.

Hanley-Corcoran.

Miss Kate Corcoran and Mr. William Hanley were united in marriage at St. Mary's rectory Tuesday afternoon by Rev. Father Meenan, in the presence of relatives and a few immediate friends. The bride was dressed in white corded silk and carried a bouquet of chrysanthemums. Miss Hannah Sullivan was bridesmaid and wore a gown of white over pink, carrying a bouquet of yellow chrysanthemums. Mr. C. C. Thurston performed the duties of best man. After the ceremony a supper was served at the home of the bride. The couple left on the steamer General for New York and were given a hearty send-off at the boat.

The bride received many handsome gifts.

Naval Reserves' Masque Ball.

The Newport Naval Reserves held a masquerade social in the state armory Tuesday night and it proved a success in every particular. The armory was prettily and tastefully decorated with electric fixtures. The fancy costumes added to the scene, there being a number of very neat and original designs.

The Training Station orchestra furnished music, with Mr. W. H. Allen prompting.

The committee in charge was:

Floor Director—William H. Richardson.

Assistant Floor Directors—D. McLean and John O'Neill.

Aids—J. F. Maher, William A. Anthony, E. H. Booth, P. Rippin, H. Vayro and William Beattie.

Committee of Arrangements—J. Steel, W. Maher, D. Richardson, P. E. Clarke and S. S. Graham.

Order of the Eastern Star.

The annual meeting of Aquidneck Chapter, No. 7, O. E. S., was held in St. Paul's room, Masonic Temple, Tuesday evening, when the following officers were elected and installed:

Worthy Matron—Mrs. Belle Russell.
Worthy Patron—John P. Sanborn.
Associate Matron—Miss Florence Sanborn.
Secretary—Mrs. Annie M. Bryant.
Treasurer—Mrs. Martha Bliss.
Conductress—Miss Hattie E. Gillen.
Associate Conductress—Miss Josephine Burbidge.
Adah—Miss Catherine Manchester.
Ruth—Miss Nellie Fowler.
Esther—Miss Charlotte Mahan.
Martha—Miss Josephine Coggeshall.
Electra—Mrs. Gertrude Ward.
Chaplain—Mrs. Nettie Titus.
Organist—Mrs. Freeborn.
Warden—Miss Frances Mahan.
Sentinel—George H. Lovejoy.

The election was presided over and the officers installed by Mrs. Lizzie F. Chase, of Phenix, the Worthy Grand Matron of the State, assisted by Mrs. Evelyn F. Austin, of Seekonk, Grand Marshall.

The new worthy matron, in a few well chosen words in behalf of the Chapter, presented Mrs. Sanborn, the retiring Matron, with an elegant Past Matron's jewel. A Past Patron's jewel was also presented the retiring Patron, Mr. Charles A. Gillen. A collation was served at the close of the exercises. The Chapter now numbers one hundred members.

Commission to Revise the Laws

Gov. Gregory has appointed Senator E. L. Freeman, of Central Falls; Judge William W. Bledgett, of Pawtucket; Walter F. Angell, of Providence; Ellery H. Wilson, of East Providence; and Samuel W. K. Allen, of East Greenwich, a commission to report on the changes to the laws of the State made necessary by the adoption of the Constitutional Amendment. This commission met and organized by the choice of Senator Freeman, chairman, and Richard W. Jennings as clerk. They have hired a suite of rooms in the Banigan Building, Providence, and are going to work as though they had a long job on hand. They contemplate meeting daily from now to the time of the assembling of the General Assembly.

Mr. William A. Smith, of Wickford, died in that city Thursday, after a long illness from typhoid fever. He was a member of Washington Lodge, No. 5, A. F. and A. M., of Wickford, and of Newport Royal Arch Chapter and Washington Commandery of this city. His funeral will take place tomorrow, Sunday, and will be attended by Washington Commandery, which will go to Wickford by steamer Herman S. Caswell, which has been chartered for that purpose.

The electric cars on the Providence, Warren & Fall River branch of the New Haven road will be running very soon now. It is intended that these cars shall make as good time as do the steam cars, and passengers will be carried through the city without change.

Dr. O. W. Huntington of Cloyne School, who suffered injury to his eyes while performing laboratory work last week, will lose the sight of one eye. The sight of the other will be saved.

Mr. and Mrs. Malcolm Lawrence, of Brooklyn, N. Y., were in the city yesterday, attending the funeral of Mr. Francis Beard.

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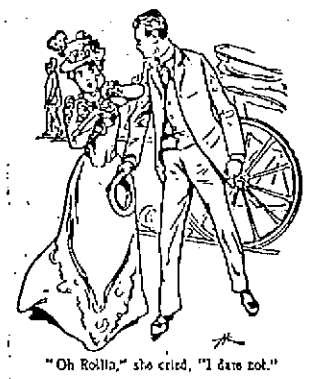
CHAPTER X CONTINUED.

Bowing her head she strove to dodge by, but it was useless. Again he confronted her. Piteously she looked up in his pale, stern face and clasped her hands. "Oh, Rollin," she cried, "give me my letters. I dare not—see you. Have mercy—" and down again she went in a senseless heap upon the stone. Col. and Mrs. Frost did not sail with the Empress of India. Brain fever set in and for three weeks the patient never left the hotel. Frost made his wife's dangerous illness the basis of an application to be relieved from the Manila detail, but, knowing well it would be late summer before the troops could be assembled there in sufficient force to occupy the city, and that his clerks and books had gone by transport with the second expedition in June, the war department compromised on a permission to delay. By the time the fourth expedition was ready to start there was no further excuse; moreover, the doctors declared the sea voyage was just what Mrs. Frost needed, and again their stateroom was engaged by the Empress line, and, though weak and languid, Mrs. Frost was able to appear in the diningroom. Meanwhile a vast amount of work was saddled on the department to which Frost was attached, and daily he was called upon to aid the local officials or be in consultation with the commanding general. This would have left Mrs. Frost to the ministrations of her nurse alone, but for the loving kindness of army women in the hotel. They hovered about her room, taking turns in spending the afternoon with her, or the evening, for it was speedily apparent that she had a nervous dread of being left by herself, "or even with her husband," said the most observing. Already it had been whispered that despite his assid-



"Oh Rollin," she cried, "I dare not."

uous care and devotion during her illness, something serious was amiss. Everybody had heard of the adventure which had preceded her alarming illness. Everybody knew that she had been accosted and confronted by a strange young man, at sight of whom she had pleaded piteously a minute and then fainted dead away. By this time, too, there were or had been nearly a dozen of the graduating class in town—classmates of Rollin Latrobe—their much loved "Pat," and speedily the story was told of his devotion to her when she was Nita Terriss, of their correspondence, of their engagement to be married on his graduation, which in strict confidence he had imparted to his roommate, who kept it inviolate until after her sudden union with Col. Frost, and poor "Pat's" equally sudden disappearance. Everybody, Frost included, knew that the young man who had accosted her must be Latrobe, and Frost by this time knew that it must have been he who caused her shock at the Arlington. He raged in his jealous heart. He employed detectives to find the fellow, swearing he would have him arrested. He became morose and gloomy, for all the arts by which Mrs. Garrison persuaded him that Nita looked up to him with admiration and reverence, that would speedily develop into wifely love, were now proved to be machinations. He knew that Nita feared him, shrank from him and was very far from loving him, and he believed that despite her denials and tears and protestations she loved young Latrobe. He wrote angrily, reproachfully to Margaret, who, now that her fish was hooked, did not greatly exert herself to soothe or reassure him. That he could ever use violence to one so sweet and fragile as Nita she would not believe for an instant. Then the nurse, still retained, heard bitter words from the colonel as one morning she came to the door with Mrs. Frost's breakfast, and while she paused, uncertain about entering at such a time, he rushed angrily forth and nearly collided with her. Mrs. Frost was in tears when the nurse finally entered, and the breakfast was left untouched.

Late that afternoon, just after the various trunks and boxes of the Frosts that were to go by the transport were packed and ready, and Mrs. Frost, looking stronger at last, though still fragile, almost ethereal, was returning from a drive with one of her friends, the attention of the two ladies was drawn to a crowd gathering rapidly on the sidewalk not far from the Baldwin hotel. There was no shouting, no commotion, nothing but the idle curiosity of men and boys, for a young soldier, a handsome, slender, dark-eyed, dark-complexioned fellow of 21 or 22, had been arrested by a patrol and there they stood, the sergeant and his two soldiers fully armed and equipped, the hapless captive with his arms half filled with bundles, and over the heads of the little throng the ladies could see that he was pleading earnestly with his captors, and that the sergeant, though looking sympathetic and far from unkind, was shaking his head. Mrs. Frost, listless and a little fatigued, had witnessed too many such scenes in former days of garrison life to take any interest in the proceeding. "How stupid these people are!" she irritably exclaimed; "running like mad and blockading the streets to see a soldier arrested for absence from camp without a pass. Shan't we drive on?"

"Oh—just one moment, please, Mrs. Frost. He has such a nice face—a gentleman's face, and he seems so troubled. Do look at it!"

Languidly and with something very like a pout, Mrs. Frost turned her face again toward the sidewalk, but by this time the sergeant had linked an arm in that of the young soldier and had led him a pace or two away, so that his back was now toward the carriage. He was still pleading, and the crowd had begun to back him up, and was expostulating, too.

"Awe, take him where he says, sergeant, and let him prove it."

"Don't be hard on him, men. If he's taking care of a sick friend, give'm a chance."

Then the sergeant tried to explain matters. "I can't help myself, gentlemen," said he; "orders are orders, and mine are to find this recruit and fetch him back to camp. He's two days over time now."

"Oh, I wish I knew what it meant!" anxiously exclaimed Mrs. Frost's companion. "I'm sure he needs help." Then with sudden joy in her eyes: "Oh, good! There goes Col. Crosby. He'll see what's amiss," and as she spoke a tall man in the fatigue uniform of an officer of infantry shouldered his way through the crowd, and reached the blue-coated quartette in the center. Up went the hands to the shouldered rifles in salute, and the young soldier, the cause of the gathering which the police were now trying to disperse, whirled quickly, and with something suspiciously like tears in his fine dark eyes, was seen to be eagerly speaking to the veteran officer. There was a brief colloquy, and then the colonel said something to the sergeant at which the crowd set up a cheer. The sergeant looked pleased, the young soldier most grateful, and away went the four along the sidewalk, many of the throng following.

And then the colonel caught sight of the ladies in the carriage, saw that one was signaling eagerly, and heard his name called. Hastening to their side, he raised his cap and smiled a cordial greeting.

"Oh, I'm so glad you came, colonel, we are so interested in that young soldier. Do tell us what it all means. Oh! I beg your pardon, Mrs. Frost, I surely thought you had met Col. Crosby—let me pre— Why, Nita! What's— Are you ill? Here, take my salts, quick!"

"No—no—go on—I—I want to hear! Where are they taking him?" faintly murmured Mrs. Frost.

"Try to control yourself," said her companion. "I'll tell you in one moment." Meantime from without the carriage the colonel continued, addressing Nita's companion:

"He tells a perfectly straight story. He says he has an old friend who is so desperately ill and out of money—that he got a doctor for him and had been nursing him himself. Those things he carried are medicines and wine that the doctor bade him buy. All he asks is to take them to his friend's room and get a nurse, then he is ready to go to camp and stand for his trial, so I told the sergeant I'd be responsible."

"Oh, thank you so much! Do see that the poor fellow isn't punished. We'll drive right round. Perhaps we can do something. It is Red Cross business, you know. Good afternoon, colonel. Please tell our driver to follow them."

But, to her consternation, no sooner had they started than she felt Nita's trembling hand grasping her wrist, and turning quickly saw that she was in an almost hysterical condition.

"My poor child, I had forgotten you were so worn out. I'll take you home at once—but then we'll miss them entirely. Oh; could you bear—"

"Oh! No! No!" moaned Nita, wringing her little hands. "Take me—anywhere. No! Take me home—take me home! and promise me not to—not to tell my husband what we saw."

CHAPTER XI.

For a man ordinarily absorbed in his own command, Col. Stanley Armstrong had become all on a sudden deeply engrossed in that of Col. Canker. The Frosts had been gone a week via Vancouver—the expedition only about 10 hours—when he appeared at Gordon's tent and frankly asked to be told all that tall southerner knew of the young soldier Morton, now gone from camp for the third, and, as Armstrong believed, the last time.

"Why, that young fella's a bawn gentleman," drawled Gordon, as he offered the colonel a chair and cigar. "He was behavin' tip top, steady as you please, until about a month ago. He's only been with us since 1st of May—came with a big batch of recruits—a regular athlete, you know. Then after he'd drilled awhile I nailed him for headquarters clerk. I never knew him to be off an hour until about four weeks ago. The men say another young fella came out here one night, had a talk with Morton, and they went out together. He got regular permission. Nobody has set eyes on his friend out here since that time, but Morton got three passes to town in ten days, and Squeers happened to want him, and gave orders he should have to be consulted hereafter. 'Bout a fortnight since, by Jove, Morton lit out suddenly and was gone 48 hours and was brought back by a patrol, perfectly straight, and he said he had to go on account of a friend who had been taken very ill and was a stranger here. Squeers let him off with a warning, and inside of three days he begged for a 24-hour pass, and Squeers wouldn't give it. He went without it, by George! It was just about the time the Prime family arrived, looking up the boy they heard was in your regiment. This time there was big trouble. The patrol sent for him went directly to the lodgings of his sick friend, and there they found him and he laid out two of our best men for forcing a way into the room. They told me your carriage nearly ran over him the day of the review. Then came that dam fool charge about his being mixed up in this robbery. Then his escape from under Billy Gray's nose, by Gawge, and that's the last of him. Canker sent a party in to look him up at the usual place, and both birds had flown, both, by Gawge! The sick man was well enough to be driven off in a carriage, and there's nothing further to follow yet."

"I wish I had known about him earlier—before the Primes came," said Armstrong thoughtfully, knocking the ashes off his cigar. "Of course you divine my theory?"

"That Morton is the missing son and heir? Of course. Now that I've seen Miss Prime the family resemblance is strong. But if he wanted to soldier, what's to prevent? Those tents yawnduh are full of youngsters better educated than I am," and Gordon arose, tangling a long, lean leg in the nearest camp stool, which he promptly kicked through the doorway into the sulling fog outside. It was barely 11 o'clock, but already the raw, wet wind was whistling in over the barren, sandy slopes and dunes, and the moisture dripped in big drops from the sloped rifles of the men marching sturdily in from drill.

"Yawnduh comes the Prime carriage now, by Gawge," continued the adjutant, as he limped to the entrance. "Ole man seems all broke up, don't he?" Armstrong had promptly risen and came striding to his comrade's side.

"Naturally," was the answer. "He had hoped much from this visit. The boy was just under 21 when he enlisted, and, as his father's consent was lacking, a discharge could have been ordered. It may have been fear of that that drove the youngster off. Where is the carriage—and your glasses?" continued the colonel, looking about until he found a binocular.

"Comin' right down the road back of the officers' tents. Reckon it's another visit of condolence to Gray. You know I shouldn't wonduh if this arrest of his didn't prove a blessin' in disguise for that lucky boy."

No reply, coming to this observation. Gordon glanced over his shoulder. Armstrong was replacing the glasses. Again the adjutant hazarded:

"I—I was saying' this arrest may be, after all, the biggest kind of blessing in disguise for that lucky Billy. Yes, by Jove! They're comin' to his tent. That's a splendid girl, ole man."

"Miss—Prime, you mean?" calmly queried Armstrong, striking match after match in the effort to light a fresh cigar, his face averted.

"Miss Prime I don't mean," answered Gordon, glancing curiously at the senior officer. "Not but that she's a most charming young lady and all that," he hurriedly interpolated, southern chivalry asserting itself. Then with a twitch about the lips: "By the way, ole man, those cigars light better from the other end. Take a fresh one."

Armstrong quickly withdrew the ill-used weed from between his strong, white teeth, gave it one glance and a toss into the waste basket.

"No, I've smoked enough. But how can they see him? How about that sentry over Gray's tent?"

"Huh! Chief made them take it off directly he heard of it," grinned Gordon. "Moses! But didn't Squeers blaspheme!" And the adjutant threw his head back and laughed joyously over the retrospect. "Yes, there's that curly-headed pate of Billy's at the tent door now. Reckon he was expectin' 'em. There they are, ole Prime, too. Don't be in a hurry, colonel."

They had known each other years, these two, and it had been "Armstrong" and "Gordon" when they addressed each other, or "ole man" when Gordon lapsed into the semi-affectionate. To the adjutant's southern sense of military propriety "ole man" was still possible. "Armstrong" would be a soldierly solecism.

"I am to see the general before noon," said Armstrong, gravely, "and it's time I started. If you should hear of your runaway let me know. If you shouldn't, keep our views to yourself. There's no use in rousing false hopes." With that Armstrong turned up the collar of his overcoat and lunged out into the mist.

Gordon watched him as he strode away, the orderly following at the conventional distance. The shortest way to general headquarters was up the row of company officers' tents in front of the still incarcerated Billy; the longest was round back of the mess tent and kitchen. Armstrong took the latter.

That escape of prisoners was still the talk of camp. Men had come by battalions to see the tunnel, observing which Canker promptly ordered it closed up. Opinion was universal that Canker should have released the officers and men he had placed under arrest at once, but he didn't. In his bottled wrath he hung on to them until the brigade commander took a hand and ordered it. Canker grumblingly obeyed so far as the sergeant and sentries were concerned, but entered stout protest as to Gray.

"I still hold that officer as having knowledge of the scheme and aiding and abetting. I can prove that he telephoned for that carriage," he said.

"At least there's nothing to warrant the posting of that sentry at Mr. Gray's tent, Col. Canker," said the brigadier, with some asperity. "Order him off at once. That's all for to-day, sir," and the man with the starred shoulders "held over" him with the silver leaves. The latter could only obey—and objurgate.

But Canker's knuckles came in for another rasping within the hour. The brigadier being done with him, the division commander's compliments came over per orderly, and would the colonel please step to the general's tent. Canker was fuming to get to town. He was possessed with insane desire to follow up that boarding house clew. He believed the landlady could be bullied into telling where her boarder was taken, and what manner of man (or woman) he was. But down he had to go, three blocks of camp, to where the tents of division headquarters were pitched, and there sat the veteran commander, suave and placid as ever.

"Ah, colonel, touching that matter of the robbery of your commissary stores. Suspicion points very strongly to your Sergt. Foley. Do you think it wise to have no sentry over him?"

"Why—general," said Canker, "I've known that man 15 years—in fact, I got him ordered to duty here," and the colonel bristled.

"Well—I ask you, colonel, but you heard the evidence against him last night, or at least heard of it. Don't you consider that conclusive?"

Canker cleared his throat and considered as suggested.

"I heard the allegation sir, but—he made so clear an explanation to me, at least, and besides, general"—a bright idea occurring to him—"you know that as commissary sergeant he is not under my command—"

"Tut, tut, colonel," interrupted the general, waxing impatient. "The storehouse adjoins your camp. Your sentries guard it. Capt. Benford, the commissary, says he called on you last night to notify you that he had placed the sergeant under arrest, but considered the case so grave that he asked that a sentry be placed over him, and it wasn't done."

"I dislike very much to inflict such indignity on deserving soldiers, general," said Canker, stumbling into a self-made trap. "Until their guilt is established they are innocent under the law."

"Apparently you apply a different rule in case of officers," calmly responded the general, "vide Mr. Gray. No further words are necessary. Oblige me by having that sentry posted at once. Good morning, sir."

But to Canker's dismay the officer of the guard made prompt report. The sentry was sent, but the sergeant's tent was empty. The colonel's pet had flown. This meant more trouble for the colonel.

Meantime Stanley Armstrong had hied him to Gen. Drayton's headquarters. The office tents were well filled with clerks, orderlies, aides and other officers who had come in on business, but the meeting was by appointment, and after brief delay the camp commander excused himself to those present and ushered Armstrong into his own private tent, the scene of the merry festivities the evening of Mrs. Garrison's unexpected arrival. There the general turned quickly on his visitor with the low-toned question:

"Well—what have you found?"

"Enough to give me strong reason for believing that Morton, so-called, is young Prime, and that your nephew is with him, sir."

The old soldier's sad eyes lighted with sudden hope. Yet as he passed his hand wearily over his forehead, the look of doubt and uncertainty slowly returned. "It accounts for the letters reaching me here," he said, "but—I've known that boy from babyhood, Armstrong, and a more intense nature I have never heard of. What he starts in to do he will carry out if it kills him." And Drayton looked drearily about the tent as though in search of something he didn't quite know what. Then he settled back slowly into his favorite old chair. "Do sit down, Armstrong. I want to speak with you a moment." Yet it was the colonel who was the first to break the silence.

"May I ask if you have had time to look at any of the letters, sir?"

"Do I look as though I had time to do anything?" said the chief, dropping his hands and uplifting a lined and haggard face, yet so refined. "Anything but work, work, morn, noon and night. The mass of detail one has to meet here is something appalling. It weighs on me like a nightmare, Armstrong. No, I was worn out the night after the package reached me. When next I fought it the letters were gone."

"How long was that, general?"

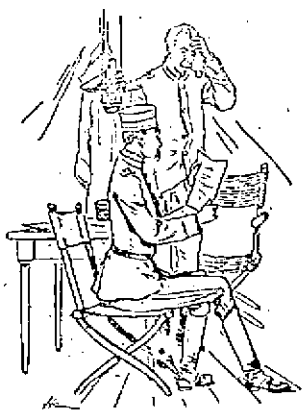
Again the weary hands, with their long, tapering fingers, came up to the old soldier's brow. He pondered a moment. "It must have been the next afternoon, I think, but I can't be sure."

"And you had left them—?"

"In the inside pocket of that old overcoat of mine, hanging there on the rear tent pole," was the answer, as the general turned half round in his chair and glanced wistfully, self-reproachfully thither.

Armstrong arose and, going to the back of the tent, made close examination. The canvas home of the chief was what is known as the hospital tent, but instead of being pitched with the ordinary ridge pole and upright, a substantial wooden frame and floor had first been built and over this the stout canvas was stretched, stanch and taut as the head of a drum. It was all intact and sound. Whoever filched that packet made way with it through the front, and that, as Armstrong well knew, was kept tightly laced, as a rule, from the time the general left it in the morning until his return. It was never unlaced except in his presence or by his order. Then the deft hands of the orderlies on duty would do the trick in a twinkling. Knowing all this, the colonel queried further:

"You went in town, as I remember, late that evening and called on the



The letter bore no clew to the whereabouts of the writer.

Primes and other people at the Palace. I think I saw you in the supper room. There was much merriment at your table. Mrs. Garrison seemed to be the life of the party. Now, you left your overcoat with the boy at the cloak stand?"

"No, Armstrong, that's the odd part of it. I only used the cape that evening. The coat was hanging at its usual place when I returned late, with a mass of new orders and papers. No! no! But here, I must get back to the office, and what I wished you to see was that poor boy's letter. What can you hope with a nature like that to deal with?"

Armstrong took the missive held out to him and slowly read it, the general

(CONTINUED ON PAGE THREE.)

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Barber (good naturedly)—All right, sir. You supply the chin and I'll do the rest.—Philadelphia Press.

"I do declare," exclaimed Necessity, the mother of invention, "of all my large family, the flying machines have been about the hardest to raise!"—Puck.

The grand jury in Philadelphia recommends the whipping-post for wife-beaters.

Vanity.

Feminine vanity as it is related to the desire to be esteemed young, and boyish ambition to attain the manly and voting age of 21 years are plainly shown in census figures. This is no new revelation in the taking of the twelfth census, but it is an old tendency which has been shown by the figures of the past censuses of the United States as well as of other countries. It has again been exemplified in the figures relating to the census of Cuba.

A study of the statistics of Cuba has shown an excessive number of females between the ages of 15 and 19 years, inclusive, when compared with the number of males of that age. It looked, in fact, as if there were a good many thousand girls of that age in Cuba who would end their days in single blessedness simply because there were so many of them compared to the youths, who were growing up with them. That is what the figures would appear to indicate to the layman, but to the census expert they mean something else. They simply mean that girls below the age of 15 wish to represent themselves as older than they are, while those who have passed their teens cling to the age of youth to the extent of even deceiving the census enumerators. Young ladies who are sensitive on the subject of their ages fear that the enumerator, who generally lives in their neighborhood and frequently knows them, will tell their ages to all the marriageable young men and perhaps interfere with some attachment that bids fair to ripen into mellow love. The fact is, the enumerator, as a rule, is perfectly callous to the significance of census figures and forgets them as soon as he records them. In Cuba 19 is equivalent to 25 years in the age of a young lady living in the northern portion of the United States.

The last census showed that in the United States there was an excess of girls between 15 and 19 years, but this age, as the favorite of young ladies, is the general average of north and south. If the statistics could be compiled separately it is thought by census experts that the northern states would show the favorite age to be two or three years older, while in the south it would probably be a year or so younger.

The census statistics of England show an excess of women between 20 and 24 years of age, which indicates the favorite age of ladies in that country. The degree of error which is introduced into census figures by this systematic fibbing of young ladies about their ages is readily and unmistakably detected.

In the case of the young men, the number of those who are shown by the statistics of the United States to be 21 is far in excess of what it could be, according to the number of those who are under and above that age. This is simply the result of ambitious youth to reach the voting age. In Cuba, where expectation of voting has not been nourished by the boy of all his life and induced a preference of 21 as a desirable age, the last census showed no excess of men of that age.—Washington Star.

What a Fog Costs.

The cost of a day's genuine fog in town can be estimated in different ways, says a writer in the Contemporary Review. About a dozen years ago, i. e., just before the electric light had seriously interfered with the street illumination by gas alone, the calculation in pounds, shillings and pence worked out thus: Statistics furnished by one chief company showed that 35,000,000 cubic feet in excess were consumed on a single day of fog. This was computed to be a quantity sufficient for a year's supply of gas to a town of 10,000 or 12,000 inhabitants. Adding to this the extra supply demanded at the same time of two other metropolitan companies, the total excess of gas amounted to 150,000,000 cubic feet, or put it in another way, the cost of the day's fog gas to London could not be put at a less figure than $35,000 or $40,000.

Then, as to the cost in health, we have a statement in the Lancet from a health officer who is prepared to take the lenient view that in spite of a few days' discomfort people after a fog live on pretty much as before. He is ready to admit that to counterbalance the bad effect of mechanical irritation there is possible good to be derived from inhaling carbonaceous matter by reason of such matter being a disinfectant, while, as the result of actual measurement, there is shown to be present all the while pretty much the normal amount of oxygen. For all this, the writer is convinced that the mischief wrought goes far beyond streaming eyes and smarting nostrils. There are other products in the baneful air besides the particles of simple soot, sulphurous ammoniacal acid and organic particles which, when added to the usual accompaniment of a lowering of temperature, must tell materially against the infirm or aged.

But this question has been approached in yet another way. Prof. Oliver, in a preliminary report to the scientific committee of the Royal Horticultural Society a few years back, details the result of scraping twenty square yards of the roofs of glass houses at Kew, and also at Chelsea, which had been carefully washed down previous to a visitation of a fog. In both cases the weight of deposit was about the same, thirty grains per square yard, or six tons per square mile. Proceeding to analyze the deposit collected at the more densely inhabited locality, there was found about 40 per cent. of mineral matter to 36 per cent. of carbon, while the analysis yielded 5 per cent. and 14 per cent. of sulphurous acid and hydrocloric acid, respectively. There was also considerable proportion—viz., 15 per cent.—of hydrocarbons, to which was attributed the familiar oleaginous character of fogs as we know them.

A lady in Durban on getting up one morning heard a most peculiar noise in the pantry, says the Asian of Calcutta. She was astonished to find that a snake had its head and part of its body through the handle of a china jug. Both sides of the snake—that is, the portion on each side of the handle—were bulging out. Then she discerned what had happened. Some eggs had been lying on the shelf, and the snake, after having swallowed one, had crawled partly through the handle of the jug—that is, as far as the swallowed egg would allow—in order to get to another, which it had also swallowed. Naturally enough, it could not then go either forward or backward through the handle. The lady was just going to call her husband, when the reptile gave a desperate wriggle, and in doing so fell on the floor with a bang, handle and all. But the fall broke both the eggs in its inside, and taking advantage of its release from the handle, it was out in the garden before you could say "Ware!"

Mrs. Benson hurst (on waking in the morning, delightedly)—Oscar, I believe the new cook is already up making the kitchen fire.

Mr. Bensonhurst (astounded)—At six o'clock in the morning? Heavens she must be a somnambulist!

Irish Witch Doctors.

The Irish countryman certainly believes that a spiritual race lives all about him, having horses and cattle, and living much the same life that he does, and that this race snatches out of our life whatever horse or cow or man or woman it sets its heart on; and this belief, harmonized with Christianity by certain ingenious doctrines, lives side by side with Christianity, and has its own priesthood. This priesthood, sometimes called "faery doctors," sometimes "knowledgeable men," and sometimes "cow doctors," from its curing cows that have been "swept," as the word is, has secrets which no folk-lorist may ever perhaps wholly discover, for it lives in terror of the spiritual race, who are, it believes, the makers and transmitters of its secrets. I have questioned these men, and some of them have talked to me pretty freely, so freely, indeed, that they were afraid for themselves afterward, but I feel that there is more to be known about them, and that I know less about them than about anything else in Irish folk-lore.

I met one man, whom I will call Kirwan, on the Galway coast last year. I cannot tell his whereabout more freely, for he is afraid of the priests, and has made me promise to tell nobody where he lives. A friend of mine, who knew I was curious in these matters, had asked some of the coast people if there was any one who did cures through the power of the faeries, as I wanted a cure for a weakness of the eyes that had been troubling me. A man I will call Daly said: "There's a man beyond who is a great warrior in this business, and no man within miles of the place will build a house or a cabin or any other thing without going there to ask if it's a right place. He cured me of a pain in my arm I couldn't get rid of. He gave me something to drink, and he bid me go to a quarry and to touch some of the stones that were lying outside it, and not to touch others of them. Anyway, I got well."—Fortnightly Review.

"I am afraid," said the poet to the editor, "that you don't exactly grasp the depth of the ideas expressed in my blank verse."

"Perhaps not," said the editor. "They may be beyond my mental reach."

"I think you wrong yourself," said the poet kindly. "Let me test the point. Here is a line at random: 'She swiftly passed him down the silent way, and in her path a subtle perfume lingered.' There, that doesn't seem confused to you, does it?"

"Not at all," replied the editor briskly; "that's easy. You are simply trying to say that a gasoline automobile went down the pike!"—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

"Talk about woman's fickleness and capriciousness!" she exclaimed scornfully. "I'd like to know how she can beat man when it comes to being vacillating and mentally unreliable."

"What's the matter now?" asked her dearest friend.

"Why, if it were not for man's inconstancy I'd be engaged to be married."

"Tell me about it."

"Well, he asked me to marry him, and I refused. I didn't think I wanted to, you know, but afterward I made up my mind that I did, and the fickle thing never asked me again."—Chicago Post.

The following good story is told of a Glasgow magistrate: In Scottish courts of law witnesses repeat the oath with the right hand raised. On one occasion, however, the magistrate found a difficulty.

"Hold up your right arm," he commanded.

"I canna dae it," said the witness.

"Why not?"

"Got shot in the arm."

"Then you hold up your left."

"Canna dae that, ayther; got shot in the ither ane tae."

"Then hold up your leg!" responded the irate magistrate. "No man can be sworn in this court without holding up something."—Philadelphia Call.

Fiction of remarkable interest will be abundant in McClure's Magazine for December, with illustrations by the best artists. In addition to the first instalment of "Kim," by Rudyard Kipling, for which the author's father, Lockwood Kipling, and Edwin Lord Weeks contribute drawings, there are short stories of life among the Indians, in the Latin Quarter of Paris, in Siam, stories of the rail, and of the Kindergarten, by Hamlin Garland, Frank H. Spearman, and Josephine Dodge Daskam, with drawings by H. D. Nichols, H. M. Walcott, and Jay Hambidge, while "More Daily Dialogues," by Anthony Hope, will be illustrated by H. C. Christy.

A celebrated but very vain and overbearing French painter in Paris had a pet dog that was taken ill, and had the audacity to send for one of the leading physicians in the capital, on the assumption that a veterinary surgeon was not good enough for the valuable dog of so great a personage as himself. The physician who had been honored with the summons was at first petrified at the impertinence of the notion, but soon recovered his equanimity and returned the following message to the knight of the brush: "Would M. M—— be good enough to step over to my house, as I have a couple of new window shutters that want painting?"

They were out driving, and the young man was holding the lines with one hand.

"Sweetheart," he whispered as the mood went behind a cloud, "I wish I had arms like—like"—

"Like Fitzsimmons?" she asked.

"No," he exclaimed; "like an octopus!"—Chicago Tribune.

Angela—How careful your consif Tom is of his wife's health! She told me yesterday that he would never let her go out shopping in wet weather.

Helen—Careful of her health! Not much! He's ashamed to have her seen out in that rainy day skirt of hers.—Somerville Journal.

Jones. I notice that your uncle left an estate of half a million.

Brown. It was not his fault if he did.

Jones. How do you mean?

Brown. He would have taken it with him if he could.—Detroit Free Press.

"Dolly, if you keep on spending money this way we'll have to go to the poorhouse."

"Well, if we do, Jack, we'll have a lot of nice things to take with us."—Chicago Record.

Dolly. So Molly isn't going to marry that real estate agent after all.

Polly. No; she says he comes under the heading "Undesirable Flats."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Don't spend any money in trying to hide a mountain.

All Sorts.

"What is love?" queried the editor.

He has since been deluged with answers mostly from the fair sex. One lady says:

"Love is an itching at the heart that we can not get at to scratch."

Farmer Green. Glad t' see ye home, Silas! How's things in N' York?

Farmer Brown. Hustlin', Joshua! Hustlin'? Why, th' way folks rush araoun' there ye'd think cauws was loose in th' cabbage patch th' hull tarnation time!

"Good morning, Mr. Cassidy," said the undertaker's humorous friend. "I suppose business is dead with you?"

"Faith, it is so," replied Cassidy, with great seriousness. "I haven't buried a livin' soul for nearly a month."

"This," said the drug clerk, "is a most wonderful hair renewer. It's our preparation."

"Well, give me a bottle," said the bald headed man. "But, say, come to think of it, why don't you use it? You're pretty bald yourself."

"I can't use it. You see, I'm the 'Before Using' clerk. The 'After Using' clerk is out at lunch. You should see him."

"You could have got there a half an hour sooner if you had taken the direct line by way of Bunkstead street, and it would have saved you the trouble of making a transfer."

"I know, but it doesn't cost any more to come the other way, and I believe in getting as much as you can for your money out of these blamed monopolies."

"Wasn't that the dinner bell just rang?" inquired the man who was dining with the Carvers for the first time.

"Yes," replied the old friend of the family.

"Then where's the host going? I just saw him pass down the hall with his overcoat on."

"That wasn't an overcoat; it was a mackintosh. We're going to have roast duck."

Saddler Sime was a droll character and yet of a type by no means scarce in the rural districts of the North of Scotland, says the Dundee Journal. One morning when a neighbor entered his shop he was greeted with the following:

"Man, Jeemie, I had an awfu' dream last nicht. I thoht I saw my wife fleein, awa' up to heaven wi' a great big pair o' weengs."

"Ay man, an' did ye no try to put her back?"

"Na, na, I juist clappit my hands an' cried, 'Shoo! shoo!' I was feart she wad never hae anither chance o' gettin' sae near in."

A few minutes before the afternoon train from New York got into the Pennsylvania station the other day, says the Washington Post, a beautiful young creature in a new spring suit wafted herself over to the man stationed at the exit gate and proceeded to hypnotize him. "Will you please let me through?" she said appealingly. "Can't do it, miss; it's against the rules," said the man at the gate. "But I do so want to meet him when he gets off," said the beauteous young thing, looking into the man's face searchingly with her imploring violet eyes. "And he will be so disappointed if I am not right at the car to meet him when the train gets in." The man at the gate looked and hesitated. "Please," said the lovely young creature, rustling her silk skirts nervously and seeming to hang on the gateman's nod. "Well, maybe I can take a chance," said the gateman, and he pulled the gate open and admitted her. "S'pose she's only been married a little while," reflected the gateman, "and her husband's coming back after being away the first time since they were spliced and she wants to hand him out the big hug before he's mote'n handed from the car steps. Well, I guess we all have it that bad once in our lives anyhow," and he looked thoughtfully down the siding where the radiant young creature stood impatiently tapping her foot. The train pulled in a couple of minutes after. The young woman ran alongside the baggage car and the baggage master handed her out a miserable little specimen of a stuck-up, hideous-muzzled pug dog, which she took in her arms and loaded down with caresses. As she passed out of the exit gate with the pug in her arms, she bestowed a bewitching smile upon the gateman. "And I was cute enough to pass her through, and to weave trances about the reason why she wanted to get through," said the gateman disgustedly to the station cop. "Say, I don't belong here. I ought to be doin' spring plowin' somewhere!"

They had just had their first quarrel. It was her fault, too, and she knew it. She had plenty of reasons for believing that he loved her madly, without flirting nearly all the evening just to see if he would be jealous. He had taken her home and was standing with his hat in his hand saying good-by, perhaps forever. There was a hard look in his eyes but no sign of relenting in his face. The girl realized that she must act at once, and sighing very deeply and looking down at the shining tip of the little shoe with which she was disturbing the fringe of the rug her mother had paid three prices for at auction, she asked in trembling tones: "Do you believe anybody ever really died of a broken heart?" "Yes," he answered, "I heard of a woman who did—once." "Oh!" she said, placing her two hands upon her breast and looking appealingly at him. "She had," he went on, seeing that the beautiful girl was waiting for him to continue, "lost the first prize at a pedro party, only to find that it consisted of a set of wineglasses such as she had been wanting for ever so long!" A second later the door closed after him with a loud bang.—Chicago Times-Herald.

One of the most extraordinary, yet permanent, successes of contemporary literature was that made by Anthony Hope in the "Dolly Dialogues." America and England alike rejoiced in the refined and subtle humor, the clear insight, the pervasive human interest of these conversations. McClure's Magazine for December will contain the first in a series of "More Dolly Dialogues," in which all the charm of the earlier work is continued.

In A Bad Way.—Homestay—So you were sick coming over from abroad, eh? Traveler—I should say. The only thing I could keep on my stomach at all was a small mustard plaster.—Phila. Press.

Employer—I thought you told me that you were the best scholar in your class at college. You don't seem to show it.

New Clerk—I didn't say scholar; I said sculler.—Philadelphia Record.

Found in the Philippines.

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE TWO.)

studying his face the while. The letter bore no clew as to the whereabouts of the writer. It read:

"March 1, '98.

"It is six weeks since I repaid all your loving kindness, brought shame and sorrow to you and ruin to myself by deserting from West Point when my commission was but a few short months away. In an hour of intense misery, caused by a girl who had won my very soul, and whose words and letters made me believe she would become my wife the month of my graduation, and who, as I now believe, was then engaged to the man she married in January, I threw myself away. My one thought was to find her, and God knows what beyond.

"It can never be undone. My career is ended, and I can never look you in the face again. At first I thought I should show the letters, one by one, to the man she married, and ask him what he thought of his wife, but that is too low. I hold them because I have a mad longing to see her again and heap reproach upon her, but, if I fail and should I feel at any time that my end is near, I'm going to send them to you to read—to see how I was lured, and then, if you can, to pity and forgive.

"ROLLIN."

Armstrong's firm lips twitched under his mustache. The general, with moist eyes, had risen from his chair and mechanically held forth his hand. "Poor lad!" sighed Armstrong. "Of course—you know who the girl was?"

"Oh, of course," and Drayton shrugged his shoulders.

"Well, we'll have to go," and led on to the misty light without.

Over across the way were the headquarters tents of a big parade, hopefully awaiting orders for Manila. To their left, separated by a narrow space, so crowded were the camps, were the quarters of the officers of the —teenth infantry, and even through the veil of mist both soldiers could plainly see along the line. Coming toward the gate was Mr. Prime, escorted by the major. Just behind them followed Mildred and the attentive Schuyler. But where was Miss Lawrence? Armstrong had already seen. Lingering, she stood at Billy's tent front, her ear inclined to his protruding pate. He was saying something that took time, and she showed no inclination to hurry him. Miss Prime looked back, then she and Schuyler exchanged significant smiles and glances. There was rather a lingering handclasp before Amy started. Even then she looked back at the boy and smiled.

"H'm!" said the general, as he gazed, "that youngster wouldn't swap places with any subaltern in camp, even if he is under charges."

There was no answer from the strong soldier standing observant at his elbow. But when the chief would have moved Armstrong detained him. "One more question, general. In case you were away and wanted something you had left in this tent, you would send an aide—or orderly, or—would an order signed by one of your staff be sufficient?"

"H'm, well—yes, I suppose it would," said the general.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Bits of Femininity.

Stylish street gloves come in heavy leather with one button only.

Evening sleeves will be trimmed with ruchings encircling the arm.

Double-breasted coats will be more in vogue than the single-breasted ones.

Some of the prettiest of the new cloth gowns are strapped with fine kid or suede.

Long wraps that fall in deep points like shawls are among the newest and dressiest of top garments.

Real lace overdresses and carriage drapes have motifs of painted panne worked in gold or pearls let in.

The black skirt, which was for a little time thrust somewhat into the background, has been brought forth again.

Feathers will play a very prominent part in millinery, and the beautiful long ones are the most desired. Many of them are eighteen inches long.

White will take the lead for evening gowns, with much jeweled net and passementerie for trimming. Green spangles will be much in evidence on white.

The Aiglon capes are a whim of the season. Some are made full length, with a quantity of shoulder capes. Others are half-length and most lavishly trimmed.

First Beggar—Why didn't you tackle that lady? She might have given you something.

Second Beggar—I let her go because I understand my business better than you. I never ask a woman for anything when she is alone; but when two women are together you can get money from both, because each one is afraid the other will think her stingy if she refuses. This profession has to be studied, just like any other, if you expect to make a success of it, see!—Harlem Life.

"That young Briggs who called on you last night, Amelia, appears to be admirably sound in both wind and limb," said the young woman's papa at the breakfast table.

"He certainly has remarkable staying qualities," assented the fair girl.

And then she hastily tried to hide a capacious yawn.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

"Yes," he said, "woman is certainly progressing."

"In what way?" she asked.

"Well, he replied, "the fad of the moment, I believe, is the painted dress, whereas the paint used to be applied——"

"John," she exclaimed.

"Well, it's a step in advance, anyway," he asserted doggedly.

Mamma. "I shall tell your father tonight when he comes home. You've been fighting again!" Bobby. "Please don't tell him, mamma. I'm licked bad enough now, without having another scrap with papa!"

Cynicus. "Let's see, the married men all have better halves, don't they?" Cynicus. "Yes." Cynicus. "Then what do the bachelors have?" Cynicus. "Better quarters."

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MERCHANT'S BANK.

THE FOLLOWING COMPANIES heretofore represented in Newport by Mr. Job T. Lindley, deceased, having been transferred to me, policies and renewals in the same will be written at this office, where transfers and endorsements can be made:—

Phenix Ins. Co. of Brooklyn.
Queen Ins. Co. of London.
Lancashire Ins. Co. of Manchester.
Scottish Union & National of Edinburgh and London.
Northern Assurance Co. of London.

The above companies in addition to those already represented by me, enable me to write for any amount desired, at the lowest rates and the high standing and character of the companies offer the strongest indemnity against fire.

Niagara Ins. Co. of N. Y.	$2,660,550
American Ins. Co. of Philadelphia	2,301,858
Fire Association of Philadelphia	4,200,564
Phenix Ins. Co. of Hartford	4,709,928
Imperial Ins. Co. of London	8,727,686
Guardian Ins. Co. of London	7,855,196
Providence Washington Ins. Co. of Providence	960,429
British American Ins. Co. of Toronto	902,413
Phenix Ins. Co. of Brooklyn	5,883,171
Queen Ins. Co. of London	7,976,038
Lancashire Ins. Co. of Manchester	6,868,187
Scottish Union & Nat'l Ins. Co. of Edinburgh	6,892,060
Northern Assurance Co. of London	5,328,878
Phenix Assurance Co. of London	7,887,175

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12 FRANKLIN STREET,

OPP. P. O.

Gray Enameled Ware Prices.

10 Quart Dish Pan	55c.
2 Quart Milk or Rice Boiler	75c.
1 Quart Sauce Pans	15c.
2 Quart Sauce Pans	18c.
2½ Quart Sauce Pans	20c.
3 Quart Sauce Pans	25c.
3½ Quart Sauce Pans	30c.
1½ Quart Preserving Kettles	23c.
2 Quart Preserving Kettles	25c.
2½ Quart Preserving Kettles	30c.
1 Quart Pudding Pans	15c.
2 Quart Pudding Pans	18c.
1½ Quart Pudding Pans	22c.
3 Quart Pudding Pans	25c.
3½ Quart Pudding Pans	28c.
9 Inch Pie Plates	10c.
3 Quart Coffee Pots	90c.
2 Quart Tea Pots	50c.
5 Quart Tea Kettle	65c.
Wash Basins	20c.
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The Mercury.

JOHN P. SANBORN, Editor and Manager.

Saturday, November 24, 1900.

Oklahoma's total vote of 74,000 is another proof of the rapid growth and vigor of the territory.

The first session of Congress will begin one week from next Monday. It will be a short session, ending March 4th.

Hon. Joel M. Spencer, of Providence, ex-state auditor, died in that city on Tuesday last. His funeral took place Thursday.

Senator Aldrich is now in Washington preparing the work of the Senate Finance Committee for the coming session of Congress.

All the nations of the earth have increased confidence in the financial sanity of this country since the recent election, and general business reflects the feeling.

New Hampshire is about to enter upon a vigorous senatorial canvass. It is Senator Chandler against the field, with the odds largely in favor of the Senator.

The town of Warren went crazy Thursday at the sight of an electric car run through the streets of that town. It was the first car run over the suburban Co.'s extension which is to reach Bristol soon.

The people of East Providence are discussing the desirability of applying to the General Assembly for a charter to form a city government. They now have nearly 12,000 people, which is as large as Newport was twenty-five years ago.

From the effects of smoke from the numerous steam engines and from time exposure the new marble state house in Providence is already wearing a dingy appearance, and good judges say that inside of ten years it will be nearly as dark as slate.

The increase in population in Rhode Island in the last ten years has been greater than that in either the States of Idaho, South Dakota, Utah, Kansas, New Hampshire, Maine, Wyoming, Delaware, Vermont, Nebraska, or Nevada. The last State has lost in population in ten years 3,427.

The Industrial Trust Co., of Providence, having bought out all the banks in Bristol, has now established a branch of that Company in that town. This enterprising banking institution is rapidly spreading itself all over the state. It shows more life and energy than any other institution of the kind in the state.

The House committee on Ways and Means is at work devising means of reducing the war revenue taxes. It is proposed to take off about $30,000,000 annually. Senator Aldrich, of this State, who is chairman of the Senate Finance committee, thinks that nearly all the war revenue taxes may be taken off at the coming session, and that in the interests of business there should then be no further tampering with the revenue laws for the next four years. There is no man that knows better what the country needs financially than the senior senator from this State, and he will come pretty near making his opinion felt in Congress.

It appears to have been a clean sweep in Nebraska. President McKinley got the state's electoral vote. The Republican candidates for state officers were elected. In the new Legislature the Republicans will have a majority on joint ballot and will choose the Senators. Repudiated at home as well as in the country at large it would seem that Bryan ought to subside. But he says he will remain in politics as long as he lives, and his friends are threatening to nominate him in 1904, even if they have to cut loose from the Eastern Democrats to do it. As long as Bryan is a factor in the Democracy, so long will there be a Republican President.

It is very evident from the returns that Newport has suffered from the inaccurate manner in which the census takers did their work last June. We hear of many families where the census taker did not appear at all. The number of the children in the public and private schools has increased more than twenty per cent. in five years. The number of names on the voting lists has increased every year, so that we now have nearly 6,000 names on the list, more than a third more than the City of Woonsocket has, and yet the returns give us only one hundred more people than we had five years ago, and give us more than 6,000 less than they give the City of Woonsocket. There is something wrong somewhere.

Most of the country towns in this state as well as in all of the New England states have either stood still during the last ten years or have gone backward in population. More and more the people are seeking the cities, and large manufacturing villages. The farming population is gradually thinning out. Many purely agricultural towns have less population than they had fifty years ago, and the number of abandoned farms is constantly on the increase. In this state two counties, Kent and Washington, which are largely made up of farming towns, show a decrease in population over 1895. Bristol and Newport counties show a small gain, just about enough to offset the loss in Kent and Washington. Almost the entire gain in the state is made in Providence county, which has all the cities in the state with the exception of Newport.

Thanksgiving Day.

By proclamation by William McKinley, president of the United States, and by William Gregory, governor of the state of Rhode Island, next Thursday, November 29, will be a legal holiday and a day of thanksgiving. The people are urged to assemble in their usual places of worship, there to offer prayers of thanksgiving to the Creator for the many blessings of the year. The first Thanksgiving proclamation was issued to the Pilgrim fathers on November 19, 1621, by Governor Bradford, who simply announced that as they had just gathered abundant harvests of grain, and the cold weather had sent plenty of game to their forests, December 13, 1621, would be observed throughout the Plymouth Colony as a day of thanksgiving; and he accordingly appointed four men to "go fowling, that they might after a more special manner rejoice together."

Today the governor of each state issues a proclamation and there is also one by the president of the United States. The first Thanksgiving-Day proclamation ever issued by a President was signed by George Washington, in 1789. The original is said to be in possession of Rev. J. W. Wellman, who inherited it from his grandfather, William Ripley, of Cornish, New Hampshire. This proclamation was issued by request of both houses of Congress through their joint committee.

While the day was originally, and is now, set aside as a day for special thanksgiving and prayer, it has, like Memorial Day, come to be too generally recognized as a day for mere recreation. The large colleges have their most important football games on that day, and other sports and amusements have helped to rob the occasion of its peculiar significance. We should remember the manifold blessings of the year and not be sparing in our rendering of praise.

Population of Rhode Island.

The following is the census of Rhode Island so far as has been made public by the enumerators. The figures for 1890 and 1895 are also given:

	1900.	1895.	1890.
Providence,	175,597	145,472	132,146
Pawtucket,	39,231	32,577	27,633
Woonsocket,	28,204	24,468	20,830
Newport,	22,034	21,537	19,457
Warwick,	21,316	21,168	17,761
Central Falls,	18,167	15,828	——
Cranston,	13,343	10,575	8,099
East Providence,	12,138	10,170	8,422
Lincoln,	8,937	8,350	20,355
Cumberland,	8,925	8,507	8,090
Westerly,	7,541	7,030	6,813
Bristol,	6,901	6,730	6,478
Burrillville,	6,317	5,674	6,434
Coventry,	5,279	5,065	5,068
Warren,	5,108	8,926	4,489
South Kingstown,	4,972	5,163	4,108
Johnston,	4,305	11,203	9,778
North Kingstown,	4,194	4,417	4,043
Scituate,	3,361	3,729	3,174
North Providence,	3,016	2,437	2,081
Tiverton,	2,977	2,064	2,837
East Greenwich,	2,775	3,006	3,127
Hopkinton,	2,602	2,718	2,864
North Smithfield,	2,421	2,525	3,173
Smithfield,	2,177	2,307	2,500
Portsmouth,	2,105	1,883	1,949

It will be seen that Newport still retains her position as the fourth town in the state in size, though her gain for the past five years is not as great as it should be, nor as great as we believe it actually is. The city of Providence has made a phenomenal gain since the last census, though part of it comes from the annexation of Olneyville. She easily maintains her position as the second city in New England. Pawtucket, Woonsocket and Central Falls have made large gains, as have Cranston and East Providence. Warren has made a large gain since 1895, but between 1890 and 1895 the town lost in population, probably owing to the destruction of some of her mills by fire, which have since been rebuilt. Woonsocket is given nearly 6000 more population than Newport, but at the late election she cast only 2411 votes to 4181 in Newport. There is something wrong somewhere. Portsmouth and Tiverton are the only other towns in this county that have a population of over 2000 and they both show gains over the census of 1890 and 1895.

If a new apportionment of representation in the General Assembly is made under this census, as will doubtless be done this winter, Newport and Westerly will probably each lose a representative, and Central Falls and Cranston will probably each gain one.

The McTammany Machine.

TOWN CLERK'S OFFICE,
NORTH SMITHFIELD, R. I.,
November 20, 1900.

EDITOR NEWPORT MERCURY.

DEAR SIR:—In regard to the McTammany voting machine used at the election, Nov. 6, 1900, I will say, that out of the 280 names checked on the voting list, only one voter refused to vote by the machine, and was allowed to cast an Australian ballot. While the counting machine showed quite a falling off in the number of votes from the register on the voting machine (which registered 278 out of 279 as per check list), I do not consider it the fault of the voting machine, but the lack of knowledge in using it, which fault can be overcome as the voters become accustomed to its use. With a few changes, which I am informed can be made in the machine, I see no reason why it should not work satisfactorily.

Very Respectfully,
CHAS. S. SEAGRAVE,
Town Clerk.

The per capita in gold in this country is $10.60, which is greater than that of all the currency in 1862. On October 1 last the total per capita was $27.01, the high-water mark, and the money in circulation has been increasing for over a year at the rate of $400,000 a day.

Democrats who regarded Bryan as a bigger man than old Grover are not as sure of it as they were.

Constitutional Opinion.

After the adoption of the amendment to the constitution by the people on November 6 last, several knotty questions regarding the time for registration for the November election arose. Governor Gregory therefore submitted several questions to the supreme court and requested an opinion. This opinion was handed down on Thursday, being signed by Chief Justice John H. Stiness and Associate Justices Tillinghast, Wilbur, Douglass, Dubois and Blodgett. Justice Rogers was absent from the state.

The first question at issue was as to whether registration made on or before December 31, 1900, would be a sufficient one for that required to be made on or before June 30, 1901, the amendment providing that registration for all elections to be held prior to Tuesday next after the first Monday in December, 1901, shall be made on or before December 31, 1900. The court believes that such registration is sufficient for any election held before November 5, 1901, but for that election the general assembly must take action to determine the registration that shall be required, and can, if shall see fit, provide that registration made during the year 1900, be included in the registration required to qualify for the election of November 5, 1901.

The second question was: "When does the registration for the new term closing June 30, 1901, begin? On the first day of July, 1900, on the first day of January, 1901, or after the general assembly has provided by law for such registration as required by the amendment?"

In reply the court ruled that it rests with the general assembly to determine at what time such registration shall begin, and may provide for the annual closing of registration on the last day of June of each year for the year next succeeding. The opinion further states that the general assembly is competent to determine the question both as to registry voters and as to personal property voters at its next January session.

The National Grange.

The National Grange, Patrons of Husbandry, which has been in session at Washington, has adjourned. It was voted to hold the next session at Portland, Me., a year from this time. The Grange adopted a resolution setting apart the third Sunday in June to be observed by members of the organization throughout the country as a Grange memorial day. The attitude of the master of the Grange favoring extension of the rural free delivery system of mails, establishing of postal savings banks and the popular election of senators was unanimously indorsed. Resolutions were adopted favoring the creation by the agricultural department of a telegraphic crop report system and asking agricultural colleges and experiment stations to use terms in their reports that are more easily understood by the farmers.

Weather Bulletin.

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ST. JOSEPH, Mo., Nov. 21.—Last bulletin gave forecasts of cool wave to cross continent 27 to December 1, storm wave 25 to 29, warm wave 24 to 28.

December will bring great extremes. First part of the month will average warmer and the last half cooler than usual.

A great high temperature wave will cross the continent during first half of the month, its center reaching meridian 90 not far from 7th and a cool wave during last half, its center reaching meridian 90 near 19.

This will bring a great fall in temperature from about 7 to about 19 and after the latter date a great rise to about January 1.

Most rain and snow will occur during first half of month and dry weather will generally prevail during last half.

Warmest weather will occur near 8 and 31 and the most severe storms about 9, 14 and 31.

Cold waves will occur near 10 and 15. Low temperatures first few days of December. Good ice will be made in northern states near 19.

Minor changes may be made in later forecasts and greater details will be given. Dates for above weather events are for meridian 90 which is near the general course of the Mississippi river.

The weather events mentioned move from west to east across the continent at rate of about six hundred miles a day and will arrive at points west of meridian 90 earlier and east later.

The high temperature wave whose center will cross the continent during the week of 5 to 12 offers the best time of the month for shipping and marketing. Cotton picking and corn gathering delayed after that date will probably have unfavorable weather.

December weather will be unfavorable to wheat and other fall sown grain. Too variable and extremes too far apart. Too much freeze and thaw.

The low temperature about 19 will probably catch some of the southern gardens and 15 to 24 will not be a safe time to ship California fruits and vegetables across the Rockies. The safest times for such shipments will probably be about 6 to 28.

I would hoist the storm flag of warnings on the great lakes about 14 and on the north Atlantic about 16. Severe storms on the lakes are also probable about 9 and on north Atlantic about 11.

Watch later bulletins for greater details.

About date of this bulletin temperature will be rising and will soon reach a high degree. Temperature of the week ending December 3 will be about normal but much lower last than first days.

One of the old folk lore signs was that a black Christmas makes a fat and a white Christmas a lean graveyard. Of course this had reference to northern countries where shows are common.

Indications now are that we will have white Christmas in the northern states where the above old saying would apply.

Washington Matters.

President McKinley's Busy Day is at Hand—Nicaraguan Canal Bill Will Become a Law—Talk of Reappointment in Congress—Preparations for the Coming Session of Congress.

(From Our Regular Correspondent.)

WASHINGTON, Nov. 19, 1900.

President McKinley has announced that he will be unable to see any callers except those who have important business with him, until he completes his annual message to Congress, upon which he is now working. Only two weeks remain in which the message must be written and printed, and it will necessarily be quite a long document.

It is generally understood that Congress will provide for a Trans-Isthmian canal at this session, but whether it will be the Hepburn Nicaragua Canal bill that passed the House at the last session and which was by resolution of the Senate made the special order for December 10, will depend upon the recommendation made by the President's message, which will be accompanied by the report of the Canal Commission upon the most feasible route, all things considered, for the Canal. The preponderance of sentiment in Congress favors the Nicaragua route and that the Canal shall be constructed and controlled by the United States government.

When a man yells before he is hit, it is usually because he knows he deserves to be hit. That is about what is the matter with the democrats who are howling about the intention of the republicans at this session of Congress to pass a reapportionment bill reducing the representation of those Southern states which have disfranchised a large portion of their voters. They know that the republicans in Congress have the power to do this thing and they fear it will be exercised, as it would be by the democrats if the conditions were reversed. If the republican leaders have any intention of putting such legislation through Congress, they are not giving any indication of it at this time, although a few of them have publicly said that it would be no more than just punishment for those states. It is not at all likely, however, that the punishment will be administered.

There is much anxiety in Washington because of the serious illness of Senator Davis, of Minnesota. In addition to friendship for him because of his many likable qualities, there is a feeling that his counsel will be needed during the coming session of Congress. His long experience as a member of and as chairman of the Senate Committee on foreign relations has made him an authority on everything pertaining to the foreign relations of this government.

Attorney General Griggs is the only member of the Cabinet who have yet declined the President's pressing invitation to the entire Cabinet to retain their portfolios under his second administration, and his declination was based upon personal reasons—he is a poor man and feels that he cannot afford to remain in office where it costs him more to live than the salary he receives, when there is a lucrative law practice awaiting his attention. There are two other members of the Cabinet who are wavering between their personal desire to retire and their wish to please the President by remaining in office, while it is understood that the other four have decided to accept the President's invitation, although they have not formally done so.

The House Ways and Means Committee will at once begin considering the question of reporting a bill to reduce the internal revenue taxation, and Senator Aldrich, Chairman of the Senate Committee on Finance, will call a meeting of that committee for the same purpose. Senator Aldrich said of the probable action of his committee: "It is impossible at this time to say whether we can accomplish anything in the way of a reduction. We hope to do so, but how much the amount will be or what direction we will take in securing the reduction, cannot be predicted until the Committee gets together and carefully reviews all the information which is to be furnished by the Treasury Department." Secretary Gage estimates the surplus of the present fiscal year at $80,000,000, and that of the year beginning July 1, 1901, at $80,000,000, the latter being based upon a continuation of present internal revenue taxes.

Senator Hawley, Chairman of the Committee on Military Affairs, expresses the opinion that the bill for the reorganization of the army, which Congress is expected to pass at the coming session, should provide for at least 100,000 men. Gen. Miles, in his annual report, reiterates his recommendation that the army shall consist of one private for each thousand of our population.

Senator Spooner, whose bill for the government of the Philippines is pending, said of probable action: "I believe that my bill ought to pass and I hope that action will be taken. I have not had an opportunity, however, to consult with my colleagues and I cannot say what will be done. It may be that they will consider it wiser to wait until the situation in the Philippines is clearer before enacting any legislature at all."

Congress will have its attention strongly called to the necessity for an American trans-Pacific cable by the annual report of Gen. Greeley, Chief Signal Officer of the army, and the report of the survey for a route, which was successfully made by the Navy Department, has cleared the way for immediate action. There is very little doubt that the cable will be provided for at this session of Congress as far as Honolulu, if not all the way to the Philippines and China and Japan. The principal obstacle to speedy action is the difference of opinion as to whether the government itself shall lay and operate the cable, or whether it shall authorize a private corporation to do so. But for that difference the bill might have been passed at the last session of Congress.

The engagement is announced in Paris of First Lieut. John E. Stevens, Eighth Artillery, United States army, and Miss Anita de Garmendia. Miss de Garmendia is living in Bavaria. Lieut. Stevens is a Kentuckian and graduated from West Point two years ago.

Deafness Cannot be Cured

by local applications, as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure deafness and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube gets inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever; nine cases out of ten are caused by catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces.

We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of Deafness (caused by catarrh) that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for circulars, free.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

Sold by Druggists, 75c.

Hall's Family Pills are the best.

Pan-American Commission.

The Rhode Island Commissioners to the Pan-American Exhibition to be held in Buffalo next year, appointed by Governor Gregory, are: John S. Kenyon, of Richmond, president; Henry J. Spooner, of Providence, vice president; Howard O. Sturges, of Warwick; Jesse H. Metcalf, of Providence, secretary and treasurer; Etienne C. Delabarre, of Woonsocket, with George N. Kingsbury, executive superintendent. The Commissioners have opened headquarters in the Banigan Building. The time for making applications for space at the exhibition closes November 30.

Another attempt is to be made by the Georgia Legislature to pass a bill disfranchising negroes. The bill ought to be made retroactive, in order to cover the disfranchising that has been going on down there for the past thirty years.

Hawaii's population has increased 40 per cent. in four years. Everything connected with the group of islands shows that their annexation to the United States is a benefit to all concerned.

Election of Officers.

Salem Chapter No. 6, R. A. M.

High Priest—Aaron C. Buckanan.
King—Dennis Owens.
Scribe—Joseph T. Hill.
Secretary—Henry W. Cooper.
Treasurer—Samuel T. Brown.
Captain of the Host—E. N. Simmons.
Principle Sojourner—W. H. Watson.
Royal Arch Captain—Carl Joseph.
Master of the Third Veil—Clark C. Brown.
Master of the Second Veil—Stephen G. Payne.
Master of the First Veil—Henry Graham.
Chaplin—William H. Agys.
Tyler—James A. Harris.

WEEKLY ALMANAC.

NOVEMBER 1900. STANDARD TIME.

	Sun rises	Sun sets	Moon sets	High water Morn	High water Eve
24 Sat	6 57	4 37	6 11	8 31	9 05
25 Sun	6 58	4 36	7 15	9 15	9 51
26 Mon	6 59	4 36	8 40	10 02	10 40
27 Tues	7 0	4 36	9 57	10 54	11 35
28 Wed	7 1	4 35	11 4	11 50	
29 Thurs	7 2	4 35	morn	12 32	12 53
30 Fri	7 3	4 31	0 12	1 32	2 00

Full Moon 6th, 6h. 0m., evening.
Last Quarter 13th, 9h. 28m., evening.
New Moon 22d day, 2h. 17m., morning.
First Quarter 29th day, 0h. 35m., evening.

To Farmers.

Mr. Taylor will be glad to hear from any Middletown or Portsmouth farmers who have Farms, to rent, as he has enquiries from parties some of them desiring to hire, and others to buy.

Please apply AT ONCE to

A. O'D. TAYLOR,

REAL ESTATE AGENT,

124 Bellevue Avenue.

Telephone No. 320.

Deaths.

In this city, 20th inst., Alfred Greene, aged 75 years.

In Brooklyn, N. Y., 19th inst., Francis Beard, formerly of this city.

In Henderson, N. C., 21st inst., Emma M., widow of William C. Swan, formerly of this city, aged 61 years.

Entered into rest, 17th inst., Happy S., wife of John R. Austin, aged 28 years.

In Middletown, 15th inst., Anna M. Anderson, in the 88th year of her age.

In Providence, 21st inst., Thomas R. Blackburn, 72; 19th, Edward Payson Munroe, 55; 17th, Charles Hutchins Sprague, 57; 18th, Stephen P. Salisbury, 77; 18th, George L. Herrick, 57; 17th, Mary W. Wilbur, 79; 18th, Richard Whittenway; 18th, Philip Sykes, 72; 18th, Ann E., widow of John Salisbury, 81; 20th, William N. Lowry; 20th, Maria J., wife of Nathaniel P. R. Thompson, of Central Village, Conn., 68.

In Visalia, Cal., 15th inst., Major Charles T. Richardson, formerly of Pawtucket, in his 70th year.

In Swansea, 15th inst., Lauretta Gardiner, in her 88th year.

In East Greenwich, 20th inst., John H. Green, in his 78th year.

In Pawtucket, 19th inst., Mrs. Honora Donovan, in her 71st year.

In Pawtucket, 21st inst., Sarah E., wife of Daniel R. Jenks, in her 62d year.

In Anthony, 24th inst., May F., widow of W. R. Carter, in her 62d year.

In Seekonk, 21st inst., Abel C. Thornton, in his 70th year.

FARMS FOR SALE.

One of 30 acres, with buildings, in Middletown, $4,000
One of 12 acres, with buildings, in Middletown, $4,000
One of 1½ acres, with buildings, in Middletown, $1,500
This last on electric car line.
One of 18 acres, without buildings, near Indian avenue, $1,500
Can arrange for a mortgage on either of the above places.

SIMEON HAZARD.

91 BROADWAY.

Newport, R. I.

Telephone 359.

ABSOLUTE SECURITY.

Genuine

Carter's Little Liver Pills.

Must Bear Signature of

Brent Good

See Fac-Simile Wrapper Below.

Very small and as easy to take as sugar.

FOR HEADACHE.
FOR DIZZINESS.
FOR BILIOUSNESS.
FOR TORPID LIVER.
FOR CONSTIPATION.
FOR SALLOW SKIN.
FOR THE COMPLEXION

GENUINE MUST HAVE SIGNATURE.

Price 25 Cents | Purely Vegetable. Brent Good

CURE SICK HEADACHE.

TO ITS EXTREME.

Kruger Says Boers Will Continue Fight For Independence.

Marseilles Experiences a Delirium of Enthusiasm Over Oom Paul.

Marseilles, Nov. 23.—Mr. Kruger cannot but be elated at the warmth of his reception by the people of Marseilles. He may be said to have been borne on an irresistible wave of enthusiasm from the landing stage to his hotel. The broad streets and boulevards through which the route lay presented a perfect sea of human beings, all gathered there prompted by the unanimous desire to welcome the aged Boer statesman. From the moment the white 12-oared barge left the side of the Gelderland with President Kruger sitting in the stern, a storm of cheering broke out and never ceased until Mr. Kruger had entered his hotel. Even then a vast concourse of people remained in front of the balcony, where he had to remain for some time, uncovered, acknowledging the acclamations of his thousands of admirers, who continued cheering until they were hoarse from the shouting.

Yet the grandeur of this demonstration, perhaps, ranks second in importance to the emphatic manifestos of "No compromise," which Mr. Kruger delivered in a low voice, but one vibrating with emotion, accompanied by energetic gestures of the right hand, stirring the hearts of all within hearing. Replying to the addresses of welcome, Mr. Kruger said:

"My first duty is to thank your government for all the tokens of interest that again only recently it was pleased to give me. I believe England, had she been better informed, would never have consented to this war, and since the expedition of Jameson, who wished to seize the two republics without the necessity of firing a rifle shot, I have never ceased to demand a tribunal of arbitration, which, up to now, has always been refused.

"The war waged upon us in the two republics reached the last limits of barbarism. During my life I have had to fight many times the savages of the tribes of Africa. But the barbarians we have to fight now are worse than the others. They even urged the Kaffirs against us. They burn the farms we worked so hard to construct, and they drive out our women and children, whose husbands and brothers they have killed or taken prisoners, leaving them unprotected and roofless, and often without bread to eat. But whatever they may do, we will never surrender. We will fight to the end. Our great, imperishable confidence reposes in the Eternal, in our God. We know our cause is just, and if the justice of man is wanting to us, He, the Eternal, who is Master of all peoples, and to whom belongs the future, will never abandon us.

"I can assure you that if the Transvaal and the Orange Free State must lose their independence it will be because all the Boer people have been destroyed with their women and children."

The sentences of his declaration were uttered with a vigor and decision which bore out his reputation as the incarnation of iron will and stubborn resistance.

He announced to the world that the Boers would be a free people or die, and the faces of the Boer representatives about him bore the look of fearless determination, reflecting the spirit that Mr. Kruger declared animated every man, woman and child in the Transvaal.

Every one expressed astonishment at the robust and healthy appearance of Mr. Kruger, considering his advanced age. He walked firmly, leaning but lightly upon his cane, when he crossed the landing stage to the landau in which he drove with Dr. Leyds and MM. Pauliat and Thourel. The landau was followed by five carriages containing Boer officials and these were followed by six others conveying the officers of the Gelderland and the members of the Marseilles reception committee, all forming a procession headed by various societies with handsome banners and escorted by a large police force.

Jones Says Democrats Were Shocked.

Little Rock, Nov. 23.—Senator Jones left last night for Washington. Before leaving he said in an interview: "The election result was a great surprise to all Democrats. All were so confident of success that the sweeping Republican victory came as a severe shock. But Mr. Bryan is one of the greatest men in America today, and his influence will be felt for many years to come in American politics. Whether he will be a candidate for the presidency in the near future remains to be seen, but it is not probable that he will."

Czar's Condition Improved.

London, Nov. 23.—Better news has been received as to the czar's condition. The doctors believe the crisis has passed. Grand Duke and Grand Duchess Sergius, who arrived in Vienna yesterday from Florence, were expected to start immediately for Livadia, but on receipt of favorable telegrams they decided to remain at the Austrian capital until Sunday, unless there should be an unexpected change for the worse.

New Gun Without an Equal.

Washington, Nov. 19.—The tests of the new 12-inch naval gun within the last three days entitle the gun to rank ahead of any of the 12-inch guns thus far made in the world, the monster weapon having eclipsed all former records for velocity and power. With an 850-pound steel-tipped projectile the big gun would pierce any armor ever made. It is the first of 40 guns which will go on the new battleships and armored cruisers.

Wild Has Become Unbalanced.

North Adams, Mass., Nov. 21.—Dr. Stephen Witt, a prosperous physician of North Dana, was taken from a train here last night while on his way west, on information furnished by his brother, to the effect that he had become insane, and had made a hasty departure from his home. When he was approached he became violent, and fought the officer fiercely when being taken from the train.

Police Doubt Youth's Story.

Westerly, R. I., Nov. 22.—Frank Browning, 18 years old, was shot in the back, and the police are making some inquiries into what appears to have some singular accompaniments. Browning says it happened as he transferred a revolver from his hip pocket to his overcoat. The location of the wound, however, seems to conflict with this statement.

VICTIM OF PARESIS.

Playwright Charles H. Hoyt Answers Death's Call.

Collapsed Two Weeks Ago and Had Been Steadily Failing Ever Since.

Charlestown, N. H., Nov. 21.—Paresis was the cause of the death of Charles H. Hoyt, the playwright, at his residence here last night. Ever since his return to Charlestown, after his release from a private asylum in Hartford, early in August, it had been known by his attendants and nearest friends that his condition was serious and that there was little or no chance for his recovery, but Mr. Hoyt apparently had seemed hopeful of ultimate recovery.

Previous to two weeks ago there appeared to be a slight improvement in his condition, although he had periods of depression. About two weeks ago his appetite failed, and he had a bad turn, from which he only partially recovered. Since that time he had been unable to take any except liquid nourishment, but continued to be up and around his room until Monday. He steadily lost strength and yesterday morning he suffered a relapse and became unconscious, in which condition he remained until death came.

CHARLES H. HOYT.

Mr. Hoyt had no relatives here, and during his sickness had been attended by Drs. Brooks and Billings, two trained nurses, and Dr. Davis. These, together with James O. Lyford, his legal guardian, were in attendance at the time of his death.

In 1894 he was unanimously elected the representative in the New Hampshire legislature from Charlestown.

Hoyt's career was typically an American one. He had found success in more than one line. He did fail in the law because it did not offer him a field for the exercise of those talents which made him famous in another department of effort.

A few years ago he wrote out for publication in one of the dramatic papers a sketch of his life in the form of an interview. Parts of it are here reproduced:

"I was born at Concord, N. H., July 26, 1860. I went to the Boston Latin school for two terms, where I achieved a record for almost everything but scholarship.

"However, I managed to learn enough to pass an examination for college. About this time I received an appointment to West Point, but the physical examination was a trifle beyond me. Besides, I had developed an ambition to go west and be a stock raiser. Father cured me of this laudable and intellectual ambition by purchasing for me an interest in a Colorado sheep ranch. The cure was effected in six months.

"Then I returned to Boston and said to myself: 'I'll be a journalist.' So I haunted the newspaper offices till the city editors finally began to give me assignments to get rid of me. My father, however, desired me to study law, and as I saw no prospects of immediate wealth in newspaper work I went to Charlestown and for a time read law in the office of my father's old friend, ex-Chief Justice Cushing.

"One day I said to the judge: 'Well, how am I getting along?' The judge answered: 'You know all my good stories, and I know all yours.' That settled the law business.

"I was apparently not cut out for a legal luminary. My next experience was on a daily paper in St. Albans, Vt."

It was during his connection with the St. Albans paper that he developed the style of gentle yet keen satire which distinguished all his plays and which won for him a position later in Boston.

Bank Official is Missing.

Cincinnati, Nov. 19.—The German National bank at Newport, Ky., was taken possession of by United States Bank Examiner Tucker yesterday and he posted a notice that the bank would remain closed pending an examination. Examiner Tucker also announced unofficially that Frank M. Brown, the individual bookkeeper and assistant cashier, was missing and that a partial investigation showed that Brown was short about $201,000.

Government Not Ready to Go On.

Lynn, Mass., Nov. 17.—The inquest on the death of George E. Bailey, for the alleged murder of whom at Breakheart Hill farm, North Saugus, John C. Best is awaiting trial at Salem jail, has been adjourned nisi by Judge Berry. The government is not ready to go on with the case at this time.

Dover Newspaper Suffers.

Dover, N. H., Nov. 21.—The plant and building of Foster's Daily Democrat were badly damaged by fire. The building and equipment were owned by the heirs of the late Joshua Foster, under the firm name of George J. Foster & Co. The loss to the owners is estimated at $9000.

Schooner Long Overdue.

New Bedford, Mass., Nov. 23.—There is some anxiety over the schooner Freeman, owned by W. S. Jenney of this city. She was under charter to New York parties, and sailed from that port Sept. 23 for Baracoa, Cuba.

It Wasn't the Polly.

Ellsworth, Me., Nov. 22.—The report that the famous old schooner Polly, built at Amesbury, Mass., in 1805, was wrecked at North Brooksville, is a mistake. No schooner was wrecked at North Brooksville, but the old schooner Charity was wrecked at North Brooklin. The Charity registered 70 tons, was built at Hackensack, N. J., in 1824, and hailed from Bangor.

DEAD ON TRACK.

Suspicious Circumstances Attending Death of an Italian.

Other News of Interest From Various Parts of New England States.

Pawtucket, R. I., Nov. 23.—Alexander Zeolo, an Italian, 28 years of age, employed by a contractor in this city, was found dead on the Consolidated road early last evening. The police reported that Zeolo, in company with his brother and another fellow countryman, were walking along the track toward Providence when they saw an approaching train, and stepping from the track Alexander was struck by a train going in the opposite direction, while the other two men escaped.

People living in the neighborhood, however, report that two or three men were engaged in a fight on the track about that time, and that one of the men was knocked down and they advance the theory that Zeolo might have been the man who was knocked down and struck by the train while he was unconscious. It is likely that there will be an investigation and the facts made clear as to whether the Zeolo party was engaged in a fight or that other people were seen by the residents of that neighborhood.

One fact that adds some weight to the foul play theory is that neither the engineer of the train that is supposed to have killed the man nor of any other train has reported the accident. There is a crossing near the place where the body was found, and it seems almost impossible that the accident could have happened without attracting the engineer's attention.

Joe Wheeler a Grand Army Man.

Boston, Nov. 23.—From his home in the south came General Joseph Wheeler yesterday to renew cherished associations with the boys in blue of Boston, at the invitation of E. W. Kinsley post, 113, G. A. R., and last night before the comrades of the post he spoke words of patriotism and unity. On General Wheeler's breast was pinned the private gold and tri-color badge of the post by General Blackmar, and General Wheeler was made an honorary member of the organization.

Narrowly Escaped Death.

Chatham, Mass., Nov. 23.—Captain George W. Bloomer of the yacht Flossie was crossing Chatham bay while a heavy sea was running, and he was washed overboard by the mountainous waves. He secured a firm hold on some of the ropes and held on while he drifted seaward. After being in the water three hours he was rescued, but not until he had partially lost consciousness. With considerable difficulty he was resuscitated.

One May Die From Burns.

Boston, Nov. 23.—Three persons were sent to the hospital last night suffering from burns received in a fire at the residence of Benjamin Cole, that was caused by a leaky kerosene lamp. Mrs. Cole's dress caught fire from the blazing oil, and she was badly burned. Mrs. White, in attempting to extinguish the flames, was terribly blistered, and her injuries may result fatally. Mr. Cole also was badly burned.

Sentenced on Five Counts.

Boston, Nov. 23.—Everett F. Martin was yesterday sentenced to the house of correction for a term of two years by Judge Bishop. The indictment against Martin contained 12 counts of larceny, to five of which he pleaded guilty. It was upon those he was sentenced. The other cases against him were placed on file. Martin is 28 years old, and is a son of Water Commissioner Martin.

Died With Startling Suddenness.

Exeter, N. H., Nov. 23.—Rev. James H. Fitts, for 20 years pastor of the Congregational church in Newfields, was conversing with a neighbor in his yard when he dropped to the ground, dead, as a result of heart disease. Mr. Fitts represented South Newmarket in the legislature of 1895, and was the principal agent in effecting its change of name to Newfields.

Verdict in Breach of Promise Suit.

Springfield, Mass., Nov. 23.—A jury in the superior court yesterday awarded Addie Hamel of Chicopee $450 in her suit for breach of promise against Fred St. John of the same city. The suit was brought for $10,000 for damages to the feelings of the plaintiff on account of the failure of the defendant to carry out an alleged agreement of marriage.

Girl Caught in a Squall.

Portland, Me., Nov. 23.—Robert L. Alexander, aged 23, principal of Orr's Island school, was drowned while returning to the mainland in a light skiff, it being overturned in a squall. Mr. Alexander was a graduate of Bowdoin college, class of '98. He was very popular and highly esteemed.

Girl by Temporarily Insane.

Wallingford, Conn., Nov. 22.—Minnie Fraunham, 17 years old, a pupil in a New Haven business college, ended her life by taking strychnine. The medical examiner thinks the girl was temporarily insane, as no other cause can be ascribed for the act.

Suicide by Asphyxiation.

Hartford, Nov. 22.—Mrs. Joseph Lefebvre, 35 years old, was found dead in her room at her lodging house. The jet of a gas radiator was turned on full head, and the keyhole in the door of the room had been plugged with a wad of paper.

Shorey Got Bad End of Trade.

Unity, Me., Nov. 23.—A horse thief secured a valuable young horse and a new wagon from the stable of Charles Shorey of this place during last night. An old, crippled horse and a broken road cart were left by the thief.

Suicide of a Police Officer.

North Adams, Mass., Nov. 22.—William P. Reagan aged 28 years, a member of the local police force, committed suicide at his home last night by shooting. The cause of the act was despondency.

Death of Rear Admiral Stembel.

New York, Nov. 21.—Rear Admiral Roger N. Stembel, retired, died from pneumonia here yesterday. He would have been 70 years old next month, and, with the exception of Thomas O. Selfridge, the elder, had more years of life and service than any man in the list of rear admirals. Rear Admiral Stembel had a record of gallant service in the Civil war. He was attacked a week ago by pneumonia.

SUCCUMBED TO HEART FAILURE.

Death at London of Sir Arthur Sullivan, the Famous Composer.

London, Nov. 23.—Sir Arthur Sullivan, the musical composer, died of heart failure yesterday. He had been ailing since he returned from Switzerland in the middle of September. He caught a chill there and his chest and lungs became affected, but it was not believed his heart was diseased. His illness passed through several rallies and relapses, until, a fortnight ago, he took to his bed. He was, apparently, again convalescing, and was sitting up in bed, laughing and talking, just before he expired.

Sir Arthur was born in London May 13, 1842. His father, Thomas Sullivan, an Irishman, was a bandmaster, and in later life the principal professor at Kneller hall, the institution where the British military bands receive their instruction. He died when Sir Arthur was a lad. His mother was Mary Coghler, of an old Italian family. She died in 1852. The musical education of the boy began almost with his birth. He recorded the fact that at 5 years of age he had overcome all the difficulties of playing the various instruments.

"Pinafore," "Patience," "The Mikado" and "The Yeomen of the Guard" were Sir Arthur Seymour Sullivan's patents to the title prince of comic opera; while more serious compositions, like "The Lost Chord," Tennyson's "At the Window," the hymn "Onward, Christian Soldiers" and "The Golden Legend," will give him more enduring fame.

Elder Joseph Smith.

El Paso, Tex., Nov. 23.—President Smith of the Mormon church, who has arrived here, accompanied by C. A. Woodruff and Dr. Seymour, from a tour

APACHE KID.

among the colonies in Mexico, reports the killing of the Apache Kid in the recent Indian raid at Colonia Pacheco. Mr. Woodruff was one of the party that pursued the retreating Indians, and assisted at the burial of the Kid. Mr. Woodruff said they will put in an application for the reward offered for him.

Generous Donation to Y. M. C. A.

Hyde Park, Mass., Nov. 22.—At a meeting of the Hyde Park Young Men's Christian association last night it was voted to erect a $10,000 building for the use of the association. Their president reported that on Monday last he was sent for by a man in Boston, who asked how much money the association lacked toward erecting its building. The president said the amount was $25,000, whereupon the man handed him that amount in money, with the understanding that his name should not be made public.

Former Governor Ramsdell Dead.

Nashua, N. H., Nov. 17.—Former Governor G. A. Ramsdell of New Hampshire died of apoplexy at his home in this city yesterday, aged 60 years. Mr. Ramsdell was stricken on Tuesday and was unconscious up to the time of his death. He was born in Milford, Mass., and was a direct descendant of Abijah Ramsdell, who was born in England in 1595, and in early manhood came to America, settling in Lynn, Mass. Mr. Ramsdell was a prominent member of many fraternal and social orders.

Mr. Moody's Successor.

East Northfield, Mass., Nov. 20.—A. P. Fitt, son-in-law of the late Dwight L. Moody, commenting on the resignation of Rev. G. C. Morgan as pastor of his London church, says that Mr. Morgan is not coming to Northfield as the pastor of the church here, or as the successor in any sense of W. R. Moody as the leader in the work so successfully started by his father. Mr. Morgan, he says, is coming to Northfield as one of the staff workers in the Northfield extension movement.

Slasher Fritz Pleads Guilty.

Greenfield, Mass., Nov. 20.—John N. Fritz, a German laborer, retracted his plea of not guilty, and said "guilty" to an indictment charging his with assault with intent to murder Jeremiah P. Morgan, a farmer, 73 years old. Sentence will be imposed later. Fritz, on Aug. 27, slashed Morgan with a knife in the neck. Fritz was angry because Morgan would not continue to allow him to sleep in his barn. Morgan has nearly recovered from his wounds.

CAMPAIGN IN PHILIPPINES.

General MacArthur Tells of the Factors Contributory to Reported Activity.

Manila, Nov. 22.—General MacArthur was asked yesterday whether the result of the presidential election in the United States was in any way responsible for the orders to push operations against the Filipinos. He replied that the result of the election was merely coincident with other features of the situation. He added that the return of the soldiers and marines from China, with the recruits arrived recently, would increase the number of troops to 70,000 men. The enlargement of the forces, the ending of the rainy season, better roads, improved transportation and the desire to make the most efficient use of the volunteers before their term of service expires in June, are all contributory to the most active campaign. Concerning the replacing of 35,000 volunteers, General MacArthur said he favors the establishment of a standing army of 75,000 men, and authorizing the president to increase it to 100,000 men.

The general also said he was enlarging the force in General Young's district to nearly 7000 men; that heavy reinforcements were being sent to General Hughes, in the island of Panay; that more troops had been ordered to southern Luzon, and that various column movements had been planned.

Soldiers and marines who have returned from China are selling quantities of curios looted from the residences of the nobility or wealthy persons at Pekin and Tientsin. Many of them are valuable and ridiculously cheap, and a number of presents of such loot have been mailed to the United States for Christmas presents.

Duke of Manchester Weds an American.

London, Nov. 20.—The sensation of the hour is the marriage of the Duke of Manchester to Miss Helen Zimmerman, the American heiress. Her father is Eugene

DUKE OF MANCHESTER.

Zimmerman of Cincinnati. The marriage was performed secretly last Wednesday in the parish church of Marylebone, and it was only yesterday that the news leaked out.

To Be Reduced by $30,000,000.

Washington, Nov. 22.—The Republican members of the ways and means committee made such progress yesterday with the bill to amend the war revenue law that it is expected the first draft will be completed by tonight. The committee decided to make the bill for a reduction of $30,000,000 a year. This is the amount suggested by Secretary Gage, and, it is understood, meets with the views of the president.

Manley Denies a Rumor.

Augusta, Me., Nov. 22.—Joseph H. Manley was asked yesterday about a rumor that Senator Frye is to go into President McKinley's cabinet, and that Mr. Manley is to be elected to succeed him in the senate. "There is no truth in this report," said Mr. Manley. "I only want one office on earth—the speakership of the Maine house of representatives—and that I have got."

Frost Gives Goss to Soule.

Boston, Nov. 22.—The contest for president of the state senate was brought to a definite conclusion yesterday, when Senator Chamberlain of Brockton was convinced by Senator Soule of New Bedford that the latter had secured a majority of the Republican senators-elect. Mr. Chamberlain announced himself satisfied, and gave formal notice of his withdrawal.

Young Sportsman Loses a Hand.

Lynn, Mass., Nov. 22.—Ed Donnelly, aged 18 years, while hunting in the woods off Howard street, discovered a rabbit which had entered a hole, and in punching him with the butt of the gun the trigger came in contact with some brush, which discharged the weapon, blowing off Donnelly's right hand.

Fatal Runaway Accident.

Boston, Nov. 19.—A runaway horse attached to a coal wagon struck and knocked down Mrs. Pauline Levy, aged 67, and her daughter, Hattie, as they were crossing Tremont street, inflicting injuries upon Mrs. Levy that resulted in her death soon after. Her daughter's injuries were slight.

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Ledger Monthly, New York City	1.00	1.20	1.75
Puck, New York City	5.00	5.00	5.50
Judge, New York City	5.00	5.00	5.50
Leslie's Weekly, New York City	4.00	4.00	4.50
Review of Reviews, New York City	2.50	2.50	3.15
Scribner's Magazine, New York City	3.00	3.50	3.90
American Agriculturist, New York City	1.00	1.65	1.65
Rural New Yorker, New York City	1.00	1.75	1.75
Cosmopolitan Magazine, Irvington, N. Y.	1.00	1.25	1.90
Country Gentleman, Albany, N. Y.	2.00	2.00	2.50
Farm Journal, Philadelphia, Penn.	.50	1.00	1.50
Lippincott's Magazine, Philadelphia, Penn.	3.00	3.00	3.50
Youth's Companion, Boston, Mass.	1.75	2.25	2.90
Farm and Home, Springfield, Mass.	.50	1.00	1.50
New England Homestead, Springfield, Mass.	1.00	1.25	1.85
Good Housekeeping, Springfield, Mass.	1.00	1.00	1.85
Farm, Field and Fireside, Chicago, Ill.	1.00	1.00	1.65
Orange Judd Farmer, Chicago, Ill.	1.00	1.25	1.85
Epitomist, Indianapolis, Ind.	.50	1.00	1.50
Ohio Farmer, Cleveland, Ohio	.50	1.00	1.55
Michigan Farmer, Detroit, Mich.	.50	1.00	1.55
Farm and Fireside, Springfield, Ohio	.50	1.00	1.50
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Poetry.

Thanksgiving.

BY EDWARD E. HALE.

The night the century ebbed out, all worn
 with work and sin,
The night a twentieth century, all fresh with
 hope came in,
The children watched, the evening long, the
 midnight clock to see,
And to wish to one another "A Happy Cen-
 tury!"
But I told Nell that I would tell no tales but
 tales of peace,—
God grant that for a hundred years the tales
 of war might cease!
I told then I would tell them of the blessed
 Harvest Store,
Of the year in which God fed men as they
 n'er were fed before;
For till that year of matchless cheer, since
 suns or worlds were made,
Never sent land to other lands such gift of
 Daily Bread!

The war was done, and men began to live in
 peaceful ways,
For thirteen years of hopes and fears, dark
 nights and joyful days,
If wealth would slip, if wit would trip, and
 neither would avail,
"Lo! thy seed-time and the harvest," saith
 the Lord, "shall never fail."
And to all change of ups and downs, to every
 hope and fear,
To men's amaze came round the days of the
 Great Harvest Year,
When God's command bade all the land join
 heart and soul and mind,
And health and wealth, and hand and hand
 for feeding half mankind.

So South and North the food send forth to
 meet the nation's need;
So black and white, with main and might,
 the hungry peoples feed,
Since God bade man subdue the earth, and
 harvest time began,
Never in any land has earth been so subdued
 by man.

Praise God for wheat, so white and sweet of
 which to make our bread!
Praise God for yellow corn, with which his
 waiting world is fed!
Praise God for fish and flesh and fowl, he
 gave to man for food!
Praise God for every creature which he made,
 and called it good!
Praise God for winter's store of ice! Praise
 God for summer's heat!
Praise God for fruit-tree bearing seed; "to
 you it is for meat!"
Praise God for all the bounty by which the
 world is fed!
Praise God his children all, to whom he gives
 their daily bread!

—Lend a Hand Record.—

Selected Tale.

THE DEVIL AND THE DON.

"It is most wonderful! Nay, more, it is marvelous, miraculous! Why, a hundred burros could not draw so great a load! No, not even a hundred of the best horses of Las Delicias! Come, my friend, let us instantly depart. Of truth, it is the work of the Evil One himself, and to remain longer would be to endanger the welfare of our souls. Let us never have railroads in our Mexico!"

Don Enrique was a provincial Mexican gentleman who had journeyed in that good, old fashioned conveyance, a rattletrap of a diligencia, from his faraway rancho to the frontier town of Paso del Norte, where he had been persuaded, not a little against his will, to accompany a friend to El Paso on the Texas side of the Rio Grande, there to view the wonders being wrought by the Americans. The first railroad to enter El Paso had just been completed, and he saw for the first time in his life that wonderful machine, a steam locomotive. Its strange noises filled him with alarm; the foul smoke pouring from its stacks almost strangled him; and, awestricken by its miraculous strength, he finally gave expression to his emotions, as shown above. He turned a deaf ear to the laughing remonstrances of his friend, meanwhile piously crossing himself, and insisted upon immediately returning to the Mexican side of the river; there, he felt, they would be safe from the malignant influence of the diabolical machine. And, upon arriving in Paso del Norte, he lost no time in starting back home, but it was with a heavy heart; he was oppressed with the fear that he had committed a heinous sin.

A few months later he was informed that a concession for the construction of a railroad in Mexico had been granted to an American company, whereupon he held up his hands in speechless horror. Regaining use of his tongue, he denounced the impious government of his country in terms both vigorous and picturesque, but that accomplished nothing; and when the engineers who located the line of the road entered the bounds of Las Delicias he used all the diplomacy at his command to turn them aside, but to no effect, for the road was surveyed to pass within a mile of his house.

In due time the graders came, a motley crowd of rude, rough men who laughed in his face, and with many an outburst of impotent rage he saw them tear an ugly trench across the breadth of Las Delicias. Then came the track layers, and he raved and stormed like one beside himself as the lines of glittering rails crept up to and past his home, and he crossed himself in pious horror at sight of the telegraph wires. He was not in the least mollified when the railroad company paid him a good, round sum for its right of way across his property, and rejected with a superb gesture of scorn the annual pass that was also tendered him.

"No, no, senor!" he exclaimed indignantly, "I was powerless to prevent this desecration of my beloved country, but I did what I could. As yet the infamous government has not enacted laws compelling me to patronize your railroad, and until that be done neither I nor my family, nor yet my servants, shall imperil their souls by going near your trains. Take back the pass to those who sent it, and tell them that I, Enrique del Toro, do execrate it and them."

Don Enrique's opposition gave the officials of the road but little concern; his was only one of many cases. Nevertheless, it was decided to propitiate him by establishing a station convenient to his use, and a neat frame building was erected not far from his house. When the time arrived to select a man to have charge of this station "Bob" Evans, a man who was a thorough railroader, and with a reputation for coolness and nerve, but who was utterly lacking in respect for Mexicans, was chosen. He was not the man to make overtures of friendship to Don Enrique, most decidedly not, and Don Enrique would have repelled such overtures had they been made. Weeks passed, with each seeming to be insensible of the other's existence, but there were agencies at work that were destined soon to break down the barriers between them.

One morning a vaquero galloped madly to the hacienda, bringing Don Enrique the terrifying news that a large war party of Apache Indians had swept down from the neighboring mountains, killing and burning, and were making for the hacienda. Many years had passed since the Indians had raided that country, and so Don Enrique was utterly unprepared to meet them.

"God of my soul, what am I to do?" he groaned. "We are too few to resist them. We must fly, but where? Oh, my wife, my daughter! Truly it is an evil day that has come upon us. We must fly from Las Delicias, but where can we find safety? There are no soldiers nearer than Chihuahua, and of truth the Indians would overtake us before we could go so far." And the poor man wrung his hands in despair.

"You forget the railway, Don Enrique," the vaquero answered. "Let us hurry to the station; a train may come at any moment, and all the Apaches of the Sierra Madre could not overtake that, it moves with such great swiftness."

"The railway is a device of Satan for entrapping our souls," Don Enrique sternly replied.

"And are not the Apaches Satan's own limbs?" the vaquero rejoined, with respectful insistence.

Don Enrique was loth to surrender his cherished policy of non-intercourse with the railroad, but his wife and daughter promptly championed the vaquero's suggestion, and when two women beset one poor man that man has but one course to follow. He yielded, and immediately his household began its flight. Pellmell, shrieking and gesticulating, they poured in the station, surprising Evans into speechlessness; and Don Enrique, his simple mind agitated no less by his fear of the clicking telegraph instruments than by his apprehension of the blood-curdling horrors of an Apache raid, attempted to explain the cause of their coming. He spoke Spanish, the only language he knew, and his excitement caused his words to pour out in an unbroken stream that was wholly unintelligible to Evans, who could understand Spanish only when it was spoken slowly and with careful enunciation.

Mexicans always amused Evans—when they did not disgust him. Their theatrical display of emotion, their effusiveness, startling gesticulation and comical grimaces when excited were to him all that the antics of a cage of monkeys are to the small boy. In puzzled amusement he sat staring at Don Enrique, letting him talk away until exhausted, and then coolly informed him that he had failed to catch his meaning.

Don Enrique gasped with despair; what could he do to arouse this thick-headed American, he wondered. A happy thought occurred to him. Grasping Evans by the arm, he dragged him to the window. "Mira, senor," he cried, pointing to the west, where a number of slender columns of smoke were rising, "Indios! Apaches! Muchos, muchos!"

Evans was a frontiersman, and his mind instantly took in the situation. With a bound he reached his telegraph instrument and began calling Chihuahua, while Don Enrique drew back from the devilish machinery as far as he could. The Chihuahua office was prompt to respond, and the next moment an urgent call for soldiers went leaping along the wire. There was immediate excitement in Chihuahua; the fussy switch engine that was standing for the moment idly beside the telegraph office awoke with a snort, and darted to the far end of the yard, where it began sorting out coaches. In hot haste a messenger was dispatched to the barracks; breathless he rushed into the office of the commandante, and the next minute there arose an angry snarling of drums and a loud excited calling of bugles. Then came a pattering of many sandalled feet and the rattle and jingle of arms, a hasty calling of rolls and counting of fours, followed by sharp, quick spoken words of command, and a column of swarthy uniformed men emerged from the barracks. Again a sharp command, and they sprang forward at the double quick, racing to the railroad station, where a train was now in readiness for them. Having seen the soldiers safely aboard, the conductor went into the telegraph office, where he remained a few moments; when he came out again he carried in his hand a crumpled bit of paper, upon which appeared the words "Run regardless." His hand shot upwards in a signal to the waiting engineer, and with clanging bell and the hiss of escaping steam, the train moved out.

Anxiously the refugees at Las Delicias scanned the western horizon. In that direction an almost level plain stretched away mile upon mile to where it met a range of mountains, that were velvety and blue with distance. Midway in this plain a cloud of dust arose, grew larger with every moment, and drew rapidly nearer. Now a dense roll of black smoke appeared, and ascended straight upward, to lose itself in the blue of the sky, and an angry glare of flame leaped upwards beneath it. The Apaches were coming in a whirlwind of death and destruction.

"A Dios, they are but little more than three leagues away!" groaned Don Enrique. "What shall we do?"

"No need for worry, senor," returned Evans, who was sitting with one ear over his telegraph instruments, and with exasperating coolness he struck a match and lit a pipe.

"No need for worry!" gasped Don Enrique. "Great God, man, thou art crazed with fear!"

But Evans did not reply, did not hear, he was entirely absorbed by what the telegraph was saying. Presently a look of satisfaction shone in his face and he made a hasty mental calculation: "Indians ten miles away, an comin' ten miles an hour, soldiers sixty miles away, an' "Cussin" Jimmy Johnson a pullin' 'em; result, some Indians to bury in 'bout an hour if Jimmy stays on th' rails—hot times for us if he don't."

The cloud of dust kept rolling nearer, and a group of tiny black specks came into view at its base—specks that increased in number with every moment, and that grew larger, took form and became galloping Apaches. Nearer, nearer they came, and the sobbing, praying, hysterical Mexicans relinquished all hope of mortal aid, but not so with Evans. Leaning far out of the window he was watching the track, and presently far away, where the two lines of gleaming rails seemed to unite in one, he caught sight of another speck—a speck that was sending aloft a plume of inky black smoke. "Fireman's workin' like th' devil," he mused, "an' Jimmy's got her wide open, coming down a one per cent. grade too. Ain't he a bird?" Now, he looked at the Indians and a look of concern stole into his face. They were getting dangerously near. Going to his desk, he took out and cocked his revolver. It held six loads, one for each of the women if worst should come—far better death for them than capture by the Apaches, he thought. Glancing at these poor creatures who were huddling together in a corner of the room, he noticed for the first time that one of them, a young woman whom he took to be Don Enrique's daughter was possessed of more than average beauty, and he trembled with the thought that this might be the hand that must end her life.

The Apaches were within rifle range of the station, and the rapid pounding of their horses' hoofs were distinctly heard, when the rails began to vibrate and hum, beneath swiftly turning wheels. The next minute, with a deafening roar of escaping steam, and with every wheel sliding and sending showers of sparks from the rails, the train bearing the soldiers swept up to the station and came to a stop. Stentorian commands rang out, followed instantly by a rattling and crackling of locks, and a thunderous volley crashed from the car windows.

The surprise of the Apaches was complete; several of their number reeled and almost fell from their ponies. A whoop and a wave of their leader's hand sent them flying back toward the mountains, and the soldiers, quickly pouring from the train, started in hopeless pursuit of them.

Don Enrique was as one who sees a vision—so sudden a transition from dumb despair to a sense of safety stupefied him. With round, wide open eyes he stared a few minutes at the fleeing Indians, at the dusty soldiers above whose heads fluttered the flag of his country, and then in a sudden transport of joy, rushed to Evans and clasped him to his arms.

"My friend, my very dear friend!" he cried, kissing the surprised American, first on one cheek, then on the other. "Nay, thou art more than friend—saviour—saviour of my property—of my family—of all that I hold dear! Thou hast"——

"Oh, hello! Say, drop it! Turn me loose, you old fool! D—— you, quit kissin' me," sputtered Evans, speaking English, as was natural under such circumstances.

"—— performed a miracle, thou and thy railroad, and thy telegraph!" Don Enrique went on, not noticing this interruption, and holding tight to Evans, who was struggling with all his strength to get away.

Evans gave up, and to escape further osculation pushed forward his head on the Mexican's shoulder. His face was flushed with shame, and his eyes were rolling ludicrously from side to side, fairly speaking the disgust he felt.

"Ay de mi! I did oppose the building of thy railroad. I thought it the work of the devil, and I denounced the government for permitting it. But I was wrong—I, Enrique del Toro, do admit that I was wrong, and henceforth I am the friend of railroads—of the telegraph also. It has been the means of saving our lives, and therefore cannot be harmful to our souls. I am the friend of thy railroad, I repeat, and I will now accept the pass I once did refuse. Come to my house, my friend. It is thine. All that I possess is thine at thy pleasure."

He was trying to kiss Evans again, when a voice that shook with laughter called from the window: "Say, Evans, what's the matter with the good lookin' daughter? I'd rather kiss her than the old man. I'll take her if you'll let me get into the game."

"D—— you an' the daughter, too!" Evans returned wrathfully, glancing at the grimy face of "Cussin' Jimmy," which was framed in the window, and with a mighty effort wrenching himself free, he ran out of the room.

A year passed, and one day Evans hailed the engineer of the train that was slowing into Las Delicias. "Say, Jimmy," he called, "do you remember th' little Mexican girl you saw out here last year—th' time you pulled th' extra, bringin' soldiers?"

"The one was lookin' so lonesome while you were huggin' the old man?" answered Jimmy. "Why, yes; what's become of her?"

"She doesn't get lonesome that way any more," Evans replied, grinning sheepishly. "Slip on your best clothes an' deadhead out here tomorrow, and you'll see her become Mrs. Evans."

—The Argonaut.

Touch of Human Nature.

A remarkable touch of human nature was exhibited at Piedmont Park the other day. The sham battle was in progress. Col. Woodward's men had scaled the works and were driving back the enemy. The field was enveloped in smoke, and it was only by its dense lines that the location of the opposing lines could be traced. The spectators were cheering at the exhilarating scene—all except two children in the grandstand, but a little distance apart, who were crying bitterly. The one, a girl, was weeping lest some one might get hurt in the engagement. The other, a boy, was indignant because no dead bodies were being left in the rear.

"That's no battle at all!" he said.

This was human nature as it affects the sexes.—Atlanta Journal.

The Grit of a Jackson.

When young Stonewall Jackson, one of the most awkward, ungainly, and seemingly unpromising youths that the South had produced, heard of a vacancy at West Point, he immediately went to Washington, determined to get the appointment, and he got it.

When he reached West Point the other boys laughed at him, but one of them, with more penetration than his companions, said: "That fellow looks like he come to stay." He did stay.

He worked hard, economized and saved enough from his cadet's pay, after covering all expenses, to buy his sister a silk dress.

The world knows what battles he fought, what victories he won, in the last years of his life.

It was determination that gave to history this splendid name.—Success.

"I was digging for bait today when I unearthed a golden doubloon of Spanish mintage."

"You have discovered a buried treasure!" cried my wife, excitedly.

"Nonsense!" I replied, with the utmost calmness. "Had I discovered a buried treasure, would I not have dug up the corroded brass handle of an ancient chest first?"

My wife colored deeply at this, for it nettled her to be found unguardful of convention.—Detroit Journal.

Old Gentleman—Do you mean to say that your teachers never thrash you?

Little Boy—Never! We have moral suasion at our school.

Old Gentleman—What's that?

Boy—Oh, we get kep' in, and stood up in corners, and locked out, and locked in, and made to write the word a thousand times, and scowled at, and jawed at; and that's all.—London Tit-Bits.

"Don't you admire determination in a man's character?"

"It all depends on the result," answered Mr. Sirius Barker. "If it brings success, I praise it as a splendid perseverance. If it brings failure, I denounce it as confounded obstinacy."—Washington Star.

We hope we do not lack sympathy for the enthusiasm of youth, but we don't like to hear a college "yell."

CASTORIA.
Bears the Signature of Chas. H. Fletcher. The Kind You Have Always Bought

A Russian Cecil Rhodes.

It is said that the flag follows the trade, but in the Russian case it is the trade which follows the flag. Russia has never made a movement from which she has gone back; her great land-grabber and her great Cecil Rhodes was called Yamak, and he penetrated and annexed the great part of Siberia for the Czar of the day, and Russia within the last few months has christened her most powerful ironclad after this great explorer.

The Counts of Mouravieff, uncles of the late Minister of Foreign Affairs to the present Czar, are known in history, one as the man who annexed the greater part of the Caucuses for the Czar of his day, and the other completed the Siberian annexation; and their successor, the late Count Mouravieff, was following in the footsteps of his ancestors.

The Russian Minister of Foreign Affairs acts independently, sometimes without consulting any of his colleagues, and very often without consulting the Czar. He always employs men who have been trained in the development of the Russian Empire, at the expense of other people.—London Express.

One of the most highly valued of the treasures recently acquired by the British museum is the manuscript of Milton's commonplace book, which was found in 1874 by A. J. Horwood among the family papers of Sir Frederick Graham, says the Springfield Republican. A few singular perfect facsimile copies were published in 1876, and a small book on the subject was also issued about the same time by Mr. Horwood. The book is eleven and a quarter by eight and a half inches, and there were originally one hundred and twenty-six pages, of which sixteen have been lost. It contains a record of the poet's reading and also of the facts and ideas that impressed him, and is therefore a document of the utmost value. The early entries are in Milton's own hand, while the penmanship of some of his assistants is to be recognized in the later pages. The volume is in fair preservation, although greatly discolored by damp.

The centipede is the only poisonous insect on these islands, and its sting here is no more dangerous than the sting of a wasp or hornet in the States. On the mainland the tarantula's sting is usually fatal and always brings serious consequences. Hawaii is fortunate, too, in having no snakes or poisonous reptiles.—The Honolulu Republican.

"Mamma," queried three-year-old Ethel, as she watched the servant washing the windows, "is Jane my stepmother?"

"Of course not, dear," replied the mother. "What made you think she was?"

"Cause," replied Ethel, "she's always climbing around on a stepladder."

"Well, I might like to go back to school as well as Johnnie Evans does if you'd trained me as his mother trained him."

"How was that?"

"She licked him every day so he'd be glad to go back."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Pslugger (the eminent pugilist, in a high state of indignation)—He offers me $5,000 if I'll lay down in the fifth round? I'll show 'im, by George, I'm a gentleman!

Mrs. Pslugger—What's the matter with trying to show me you're a gentleman?

"What makes you look so gloomy?"

"I just had an awful shock."

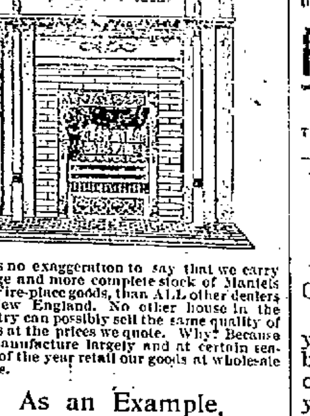
"Did you really?"

"Yes, I just heard a man who is the same age as myself referred to as 'old.'"

-Philadelphia Press.

WOOD MANTELS,

150 Different Designs.



It is no exaggeration to say that we carry a large and more complete stock of Mantels and Fire-place goods, than ALL other dealers in New England. No other house in the country can possibly sell the same quality of goods at the prices we quote. Why? Because we manufacture largely and at certain seasons of the year retail our goods at wholesale prices.

As an Example,

The mantel as shown above is solid oak well finished; solid wood carving and French Plate Mirror.

Price During this Sale, $18.00

Coal Grate, Enamel Tile Facing and Hearth, $18.00

Mantel is 6 feet wide over all and 6 feet 8 inches high.
Special attention given to mail orders.
No charge for packing.
Freight allowed to your city.

Crooker Mantel & Tile Co.,

PROVIDENCE, R. I.

Wareroom, 20-22 Weybosset St. Factory, Manchester St.

Christmas Presents.

BOOTS, SHOES,

RUBBERS AND

SLIPPERS.

EXAMINE OUR LARGE STOCK.

The T. Mumford Seabury Co.,

NEWPORT, R. I.

Boots!

Calf Boots,

Kip Boots,

Grain Boots,

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Wool Boots,

Rubber Boots,

at our usual moderate prices, at

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UPRIGHT PIANO

in good repair for $70, $10 down and $5.00 per month. A discount will be made for cash. Don't fail to call and examine.

JOHN VARS,

126 Thames Street.

Nasal

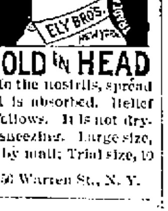
CATARRH.

In all its stages there should be cleanliness.

Ely's Cream Balm

cleanses, soothes and heals the diseased membrane. It cures catarrh and drives away a cold in the head quickly.

CATARRH



COLD IN HEAD

Cream Balm is placed into the nostrils, spreads over the membrane and is absorbed. Relief is immediate and cure follows. It is not drying—does not produce sneezing. Large size, 50 cents at Druggists or by mail; Trial size, 10 cents by mail.

ELY BROTHERS, 56 Warren St., N. Y.

A Few Words about

Pain-Killer

A prominent Montreal clergyman, the Rev. James H. Dixon, Rector St. Judes and Hon. Canon of Christ Church Cathedral, writes:—"Permit me to send you a few lines to strongly recommend Perry Davis' Pain-Killer. I have used it with satisfaction for thirty-five years. It is a preparation which deserves full public confidence."

Pain-Killer A sure cure for Sore Throat, Coughs, Chills, Cramps, &c.

Two Sizes, 25c. and 50c.

There is only one Pain-Killer, Perry Davis.'

JOHN WANAMAKER.

Broadway, 9th & 10th Sts.,

New York, July 24, 1899

Gentlemen:

Being associated for so many years with the above Firm and being closely confined brought on constipation. A package of your Tablets has cured me and I take great pleasure in recommending them to those who are affected in a similar way.

Yours truly,

C. W. Eastwood.

To the U. S. Army & Navy Tablet Co.,

17 East 14th St., N. Y. City.

10 and 25 cents per package, at all druggists.

MICHAEL F. MURPHY,

Contractor

—AND—

BUILDER

OF MASON WORK,

NEWPORT, R. I.

Filling, Draining and all kinds of Jobbing promptly attended to.

Orders left at

Calendar Avenue.

Fall River Line.

For New York, the South and West.

Steamers PRISCILLA and PURITAN in commission.

A fine orchestra on each.

Leave Newport week days only, 9:15 p. m. Due New York 7 a. m.

Returning—From New York steamers leave Pier 19, N. R., foot of Warren St., week days only, at 5:00 p. m. Eastward steamers touch at Newport, remaining there until 3:15 a. m. before proceeding to Fall River.

For tickets and staterooms apply at New York and Boston Despatch Express office, 272 Thames street, J. L. Greene, Ticket Agent.

G. E. WOODWARD, Agent, Newport, R. I.
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Newport & Wickford

RAILROAD AND STEAMBOAT CO.

THE WICKFORD ROUTE.

In effect November 1, 1900.

Leave

	A. M.	P. M.	P. M.	P. M.
Newport	*10 00	*1 20	*4 10	*7 35
Providence ar	11 50	3 18	5 50	9 50
Boston, ar	1 18	4 32	7 00	11 08
New York	4 30	6 57	11 00	‖8
	P. M.	P. M.	P. M.	P. M.

Leave

	A. M.	A. M.	A. M.	P. M.
New Y'k	*12 02	§5 00	*10 02	*1 02
Boston	—	10 03	1 03	3 00
Prov.	—	11 11	2 10	4 15
Newp't ar	6 35	1 00	4 00	6 40
	A. M.	P. M.	P. M.	P. M.

*Daily except Sundays.

‖Washington Express due Harlem River Station, New York, 2.05 a. m., Philadelphia, 6.40 a. m.; Baltimore, 8.29 a. m.; Washington, 10.32 a. m.

For Tickets and Drawing Room chairs apply at Steamer General, Commercial wharf, or at the Transfer Co.'s office, 30 Bellevue avenue.

C. U. COFFIN, Agent, Newport.

Providence, Fall River & Newport Steamboat Company.

Leave Newport for

PROVIDENCE

Week days 8 a. m. Leave Providence for Newport, week days, 4 p. m.

Excursion Tickets, 90 cents.

Stop at Prudence Mondays and Saturdays only each way. Stop at Conanicut Mondays only each way.

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New York, New Haven & Hartford Railroad.

Time tables showing local and through train service between all stations may be obtained at all ticket offices of this company.

ON and after Oct. 30, 1900, trains will leave NEWPORT, for BOSTON, TERMINAL STATION, week days, 7.00, 8.20, 9.00, 11.00 a. m., 1.00, 3.00, 5.00, c9.15 p. m. Return 6.12, 8.42, 10.42 a. m., 12.42, 3.48, 4.42, e6.00, 6.12 p. m. MIDDLETOWN and PORTSMOUTH 7.00, 9.00, 11.00 a. m., 1.00, 3.00, 5.00, c9.15 p. m. PORTSMOUTH GROVE (flag stop), 7.00, 9.00, 11.00 a. m., 1.00, 3.00, 5.00, p. m. BRISTOL FERRY, TIVERTON, FALL RIVER and TAUNTON, 7.00, 8.20, 9.00, 11.00 a. m., 1.00, 3.00, 5.00, c9.15 p. m. MIDDLEBORO, 7.00, 8.20, 11.00 a. m., 3.00, 5.00 p. m. HYANNIS, 11.00 a. m., 3.00 p. m. PROVINCETOWN, 3.00 p. m. PLYMOUTH, 11.00 a. m., 3.00 p. m. NEW BEDFORD, 8.20, 9.00, 11.00 a. m., 1.00, 3.00, 5.00 p. m. FITCHBURG and stations on Northern Division, 8.20, 11.00 a. m., 3.00 p. m. LOWELL, 11.00 a. m., 3 p. m. COTTAGE CITY, 11.00 a. m. PROVIDENCE, 4.00, 8.20, 9.00, 11.00 a. m., 1.00, 3.00, 5.00, p. m.

SUNDAYS, for BOSTON, 7.00, 11.40 a. m., 3.00, 5.00 p. m. Return 6.27, 8.15 a. m., 12.27, 4.28 p. m. For PROVIDENCE, 7.40, 11.00 a. m., 3.00, 5.00 p. m. For PORTSMOUTH GROVE, 7.00, 11.00 a. m., 3.00, 5.00, p. m. For Middletown, Portsmouth, Bristol Ferry, Tiverton, Fall River, Somerset, Dighton, North Dighton, Weir Village, and Taunton, 7.00, 11 a. m., 3.00, 5.00, c9.15 p. m. New Bedford, 7.00, 11.00 a. m., 5 p. m.

aBoat from Fall River

eWharf Station.

A. C. KENDALL, Gen'l Pass. Agt, Boston.
C. PETER CLARK, Gen'l Sup't, Boston.

OFFICIAL TIME TABLE.

Newport & Fall River Street Railway Company.

Leave Everett street, Newport **7.15, 8.15, 9.15, 10.15, 11.15, a. m., 12.15, 1.15, 2.15, 3.15, 4.15, 5.15, 6.15, 7.15, 8.15, 9.15, *10.15, *11.15 p. m.

Leave Fall River for Newport—**6.15, 7.45, 8.15, 9.45, 10.15, 11.15 a. m., 12.15, 1.15, 2.15, 3.45, 4.15, 5.45, 6.45, 7.15, 8.45, 9.45, *10.45 p. m.

**Not run Sundays.

*To Portsmouth only.

More frequent trips will be run Sundays and holidays.

Office at Portsmouth, R. I., is connected with long distance telephone. Special cars may be had upon application at the office of this company or at the office of the Globe Street Railway Co., at Fall River.

R. S. GOFF, General Manager.

Reduction in price of

COKE.

DELIVERED:

Prepared, 36 bushels for $3.50
Common, 36 bushels for $3.00

AT WORKS:

Prepared, $8.00 per 100 bushels
Common, $6.00 per 100 bushels

ORDERS LEFT AT

181 Thames Street,

receive prompt attention.

NEWPORT GAS LIGHT CO.

SANTAL-MIDY

These tiny Capsules are superior to Balsam of Copaiba, Cubebs or Injections and CURE IN 48 HOURS the same diseases without inconvenience. MIDY

Sold by all Druggists.

HAVING PURCHASED THE

Shop and Good Will

—OF—

Mr. Lewis Skinner,

ON FERRY WHARF.

Should be pleased to notify the public that I shall carry on the business in connection with my present stand on Commercial wharf.

ALL HORSESHOEING

—AND—

JOBBING

promptly attended to at either place

J. B. BACHELLER.

Gentleman Felt Sad.

"Son-in-law of mine, too," groaned the hale and hearty old gentleman. "As bright a young fellow as I ever knew. I loved him as though he were my own flesh and blood. I never got such a thrown down from the time I began to work at 50 cents a day to the present time."

"You always told me that he was a veritable Napoleon of finance."

"So I did, and so he is," and the old gentleman made a sorry attempt to laugh. "And I encouraged him in it! I must admit that. I literally drummed it into him that business was business and that sentiment, friendship, even relationship, had to be put aside when it came to striving for money."

"But what has he done? Nothing criminal?"

"Taken me at my word, the world will say. I'm going to retire. I'm out—frozen out. You know the factory in which I have my biggest investment and controlling interest?"

"Certainly. It is coining money, and your salary as president is $20,000."

Here the old gentleman groaned again. "I went away for a vacation. What more natural than that my son-in-law should vote my stock? I gave him authority to do so, and I've no doubt that the young rascal recalled all that I had told him. He elected himself president, chose his own board of directors and increased the salary of his position $5,000 per annum. He just jollies me when I take him to task and tells me I should have no cares for the rest of my life. I'm simply turned out to pasture. My, what a boy!"—Detroit Free Press.

The Strenuous Life.

New Reporter (tired out)—Today is Saturday, and you know that this State now has a Saturday half-holiday law which——

City Editor—By Jinks! I nearly forgot it. Rush out and get up a five-column article on how the day is being observed.—New York Weekly.

While the family were at tea the privileged cat sat on a footstool before the fire quietly cleaning itself after the manner of its kind. Another privileged favorite had come to the table with hands that were not so white as the head of the house would have liked. "How nice of pussy," said papa insinuatingly, "to lick her paws and then smooth all the dust out of her head and ears. Is she not a nice clean thing?" The midget, for whom this lecture by implication was intended, sat soberly for a moment. Then the flash came: "I don't think pussy clean at all," she said. "I think it very dirty of her to spit on her feet like that, and then smudge them all over her face."—New Orleans Picayune.

A party of Americans were sitting on the upper deck of a Rhine River boat, enjoying the charming scenery. One was reading aloud from a guide book about the various castles as they came into view. Just as the boat was passing one of the finest old buildings, a woman in the party exclaimed to her companions: "Why, that old castle is inhabited. See, there are blinds at the windows." "No," said a man standing by her side, "those are the shades of their ancestors."

A country minister who, though a poor man, was notoriously defective and hesitating in his style of delivery in the pulpit, was sitting having a cup of tea with one of the old spinsters connected with his congregation when he observed that the spout of the teapot was either choked or too narrow.

"Your teapot, Miss Kennedy," he remarked, "disna—disna rin weel."

"Ay, jist like yoursel', Mr. Broon," retorted the nettled lady. "It has an unco puir delivery."

McClure's Magazine for December will contain an intimate account of the fall of Richmond and the flight of the Confederate Cabinet, at the close of the Civil War. This article is from the pen of Stephen R. Mallory, who, as Secretary of the Navy in the Confederate Administration, shared in the stress of those last days. The narrative gives a picture strong and true of the closing scene in the South's tragedy.

Military men are great lady killers."

"Indeed they are; my life was saddened by a colonel."

"Poor girl! Did the colonel jilt you?"

"Oh, no; he went and got made colonel after I jilted him."—Chicago Record.

The Beetle—Would you mind telling me how to spell "unparalleled?"

The Bee—I'm jiggered if I know. Spelling isn't my long suit.

The Beetle—Oh, excuse me! I thought you were one of those spelling bees.—Chicago Journal.

She—A mathematician has figured it out that a man sixty years old has spent three years of his life buttoning his collar.

He—Is that so? I wonder how many years of her life a woman of forty-five has wasted in putting her hat on straight.

The Monkey—Please try to look pleasant!

The Lion—Pleasant? I want to look stern!

The Monkey—Yes; but you'll scare me so I'll make the camera wobble.—Puck.

Did It With A Slam.—"I am willing to do anything," said the applicant for work.

"All right," said the hard hearted merchant. "Please close the door behind you when you go out."—Somerville (Mass.) Journal.

Both Alike.—Client (angrily)—I say, this bill of yours is a downright robbery!

Great Criminal Lawyer (who has won his client's case)—So was your crime.

A new educational plan is being tried in Copenhagen. No books are used, but the boys are instructed orally when they perform at the same time some light manual work.

You probably know a lot of people who want you to "do" things for them. Do you know anyone who is anxious to "do" things for you?

People in the interior of China seldom read newspapers. They get their ideas of foreigners and outside doings by gossip.

The condensers in an American liner will pump at least 50,000 gallons of cool water a day.

If the sun were hollow like an air ball it would take 1,332,000 globes the size of the earth to fill it.

He Wanted to be Insulted.

"Whenever I see a regulation railway lunch counter—I mean one of the kind with high stools and stacks of doughnuts and petrified pies under glass shades—I am reminded of a queer little incident that occurred several years ago at Texarkana. I was on the train coming down to New Orleans from the Northwest, and we stopped at the place to get supper. The depot was provided with such a lunch counter as I have described, and when I took possession of one of the stools I found myself next to a typical cowboy, with wide, white sombrero, leather leggings, enormous spurs and a pair of big six-shooters hanging low down over his hips. A livid scar, evidently the result of a knife wound, ran from the corner of his eye to the angle of his jaw, and his whole appearance was so sinister and forbidding that I edged instinctively as far away as I could get. A few moments later a big, coal-black negro came sauntering in and deliberately seated himself on one of the stools at the other side. The passengers who were eating exchanged glances of indignation, but he was a vicious looking fellow, and no one cared to invite certain trouble by ordering him out. Presently the tough cowboy leaned over and tapped me on the shoulder.

"'Scuse me, stranger,' he said, in a hoarse whisper, 'but will you please call me a —— liar?'

"'What!' I exclaimed in amazement.

"'I want ter git you to call me a —— liar, if y' don't mind,' he repeated, still in a whisper. 'Beller it right out, so as everybody kin hear!'

"'But why should I call you a liar?' I asked, beginning to doubt his sanity.

"'Well, I'll tell y',' he replied earnestly. 'As soon as you do, I'll rip and cuss some, and then I'll pull out my gun and take a shot at you.'

"'Take a shot at me?' said I, in alarm.

"'Yes,' said he, 'but it's all right—I'll miss you and accidently hit the nigger; see? Go ahead now and cut loose.'

"I begged hastily to be excused. I assured him that I liked the idea, and didn't doubt his marksmanship, but I was a little nervous about firearms, and—well I hardly know what I said; but I gulped down my coffee as quickly as I could and made a bee line for the outer air. Before the train started I encountered the cowboy on the platform. He was looking gloomy.

"'You didn't get a chance to put your little scheme into execution?' I remarked inquiringly.

"'No, doggone the luck!' he replied, 'I couldn't get a single white man to insult me!'"

Some Indians from Buffalo Bill's Wild West, arrayed in bright-colored blankets and an exceptional amount of face paint, were taking in the sights of the city the other afternoon. They strolled down Walnut street, single file, and, headed by a buck who now and then gave a grunt of satisfaction when something that pleased him caught his eye, they halted in front of a drug store and gazed at the window display for a moment. Then the band filed into the establishment and began to look around.

The clerk thought the place was going to be besieged, and that he was likely to lose his scalp, but when the "big chief," who acted as spokesman, addressed him with the customary Indian greeting of "How?" the clerk regained his composure enough to ask the Indian what he wanted.

"Heap smell," was the reply.

Directed by the Indian's finger to a showcase the clerk produced a bar of soap. The brave took it gingerly, removed the wrapper, smelled it and bit into the toothsome-looking article. With a deep grunt of displeasure he handed it back to the drug clerk. With a disgusted look he remarked, "Heap smell."

The clerk began to tremble and pointed to a perfume bottle in the showcase. The bottle of perfume was handed to him. The Indian held it in both hands for a moment, closely scrutinizing it. He slowly removed the stopper, closely watching it as if he expected it to explode, and took a long sniff at the bottle, gave a grunt of satisfaction, handed the clerk some money and led his band of braves out of the store, to the delight of the frightened clerk, who had not been in the practice of waiting on real Indians.—Kansas City Journal.

A rather amusing story is told in connection with a certain learned professor. He had been asked to deliver a lecture—which he readily consented to do—in the village school room, and on the important night the place was packed with an expectant audience. The front seats were occupied by a few of the shining lights of the neighborhood, and apparently the lecturer was addressing the select few, for he talked completely over the heads of the rest of the audience. At length, at the expiration of a couple of hours, the professor dropped his lofty style and blandly remarked:

"And now, friends, in conclusion allow me to say that if any one has a question to ask I will do my best to answer him."

It was a very old villager in the back seat who slowly rose to his feet and slowly asked the first and only question.

"I'd be vurry mich obleeged, measter," he remarked, "if ye'd jest tell us wot on airth it is that ye've been praiehing about."—London Spare Moments.

"I tell you, golf is going to be the salvation of the nation. It is going to make athletic men and women out of puny offsprings and lengthen our days by decades."

"But our ancestors didn't go in for golf."

"And where are they now? Dead! All dead!"—Boston Journal.

Rudyard Kipling's new novel, "Kim," will begin in the December issue of McClure's Magazine. This is a tale of life in India, and in it the literary genius gives a profound study of Oriental life. This is the author's masterpiece, and it fulfills in its larger scope all the promise of his earlier and shorter works.

It is now said that the Queen of Holland, in selecting a husband, was opposed strongly by her Cabinet. The fact that she had the strength of mind to go her own gait ought to make her the most popular of sovereigns.

In Mexico school teachers, both men and women, usually have a cigar in their mouths. Even the criminals before the bar are allowed to smoke.

The private secretary of an important official is a good thing until he begins to think he is the important official.—New Orleans Picayune.

Women's Dep't.

A Share of The Purse.

Although the season is young, and hotels are just filling up, yet already the rosy corners of the piazzas have their regular occupants, and many themes are discussed by the matre-familias who sit there. The other day somebody read in the paper that "Old Skinflint" was dead, and announced the fact to the assembled coterie.

"If he were my husband I shouldn't mourn much for him," declared one matron, "and I don't believe his wife will." The others looked astonished and asked the reason for her statement.

"You know what a rich man he was? Well, he never allowed his wife to have any spending money. Not one cent if he could help it. I have often had to lend her a nickel to pay her car fare, and I know she frequently borrowed of her cook for the same purpose."

"But she always had lovely things," said another woman.

"Of course she did. You don't suppose a shrewd man like Old Skinflint would let his wife look shabby, do you? But she paid for nothing. Everything was charged, and often he paid the bill, or only gave her just enough money to pay them.

"It was just the same with the housekeeping. Not a penny went through her fingers except for the payment of bills. I know she often got her milliner, whom she had employed for years, to charge her $5 extra for a bonnet, and then when the bill was paid she would get the money for her own little wants. But think what a life to lead. She couldn't give 50 cents to a woman to keep her from starving because she never had it. Yet her dresses and her diamonds have been the envy of half the women in town, while really she had less to do with than a poor shop girl who has her regular salary, small though it may be. I hope he didn't make a will, for if he did I am sure he fixed his property in such a way that won't do her much good. I should like to see her have a little money to spend."

"What do you think was the reason he acted so?" asked one of the listeners.

"Nobody knows. He seemed to be fond of her, too, and never was tired of buying her pretty things."

"I think," said a woman who had not spoken before, "that it all came from his not having a right idea of woman's place in the household. He treated his wife as the men in the far East treat their slaves, or as nearly like that as he could in this country and in the 19th century."

"I agree with you partly," said the first speaker, "yet I think the Skinflints' case rather unique."

"Perhaps so," was the reply. "Yet, without seeming to pry into your private affairs unnecessarily, I would like to ask how many families you know where the purse is a mutual possession, where husband and wife have equal access to it and equal liberty in spending its contents?"

Nobody answered. The coterie, for once, was silent.

"And yet," she continued, "such should be the case in an ideal household."

"I don't believe it would work. I know my husband never would agree to it. Yet he is a most generous man, and if he ever forgets to give me money, I put my empty pocketbook on his dressing table and he fills it. That is for my spending money. He pays all the household bills." This was from a bride of only a few months.

Some of the other women sighed, as if their experiences were not so pleasant, but nobody else said anything, and then the inquirer continued:

"I never knew but one household where this ideal plan was tried; and the man had only a fair salary. In fact, the most of us would consider it a small one. Together, the man and his wife divided it up. So much for rent, a certain amount for the living expenses, a small contingent fund for the unexpected, a tenth for charity. All the rest went into the common purse, and each drew upon it as he or she liked, and no questions were asked. It was an ideal arrangement, and there never was any of the trouble over money matters that is so frequent in many households, and that causes so many heart burnings and hard words.

"They began that way. For though they were very much in love with each other, and are a most sentimental pair to this day, the husband at least realized that matrimony is to a certain extent a business arrangement, and a household should be conducted on business principles to be successful.

"While he, to the world, was the working partner, he knew that his wife had her work also. He brought in the money while she made the home. She contributed as much as he did, but in a different way. Therefore, if he shared in the result of her labors, she should share in his. Both were common property, and, as I have said, it worked to a charm."

"But what if he were a very rich man, and she had nothing to do, while he, with vast interests on his hands, had to work hard? It seems to me the partnership would be a little unequal," said one of the listeners.

"Not at all. For with larger wealth, responsibilities increase, and though the wife may not have to do as much actual work as would the wife of a poor man, yet her duties to society increase, while her household is even harder than if it were smaller.

"I have fully made up my mind that the cause of much unhappiness in families comes from this very reason. Men look upon their wives as belonging to them; to receive what they are willing to allow them, and to be content with it; while really they should be equal partners with equal property rights.

"Men say their wives do not know the value of money, and so they fear to trust them. But how are they ever to learn it if not in their own homes?

"The wife of whom I have been telling you manages the household money, as well as having access to the common purse and the charity fund, while her husband's special care is the rent money and the contingent fund.

"She has become a good manager, and often saves enough from the housekeeping allowance to buy her husband a Christmas or a birthday present.

"The plan works well in this case, and I wish more families would try it."

Nobody said anything. It showed that the ladies were thinking it over.—Boston Herald.

"Pa, let's move in the country; I don't want to live in town."

"Why not, Bobby?"

"Well, pa, ma says if we live here till I'm grown up an' gray-headed she won' lemme keep a pig."—Indianapolis Journal.

When Boots Were Worn.

Over on the other side of Canal street, in the local Latin Quarter, there is a little cobbler's shop that looks like an etching by Durer. The tools, which are stuck in leather loops around the walls, have an air of serious antiquity, like decayed gentlefolk, and over the threshold is an empty wicker birdcage, canted at just the right angle to make what the artists call "a good composition." The cobbler himself is a smallish, stoop-shouldered man, with a perfectly bald head and iron spectacles half way down his nose. He is distrustful of strangers, but when he knows his visitor he is a well of entertaining reminiscence. The other day he told a friend how the ancient and honorable craft of bootmaking had gone into decline. "I was working for myself two years before the California excitement began, in '49," he said. "Those were grand days. All gentlemen wore boots then, made out of the finest calfskin, with tops about 12 inches high. The Wellington boots were fashionable just before my time, but I've made a few pair, mostly for foreign gentlemen; and they looked very elegant outside of tight pantaloons. The top was generally morocco. It hugged the calf of the leg close and came to a point in front, finished with a small red or purple tassel.

"But the boot that everybody wanted was a plain, fine-grained calfskin, and it had to fit like a glove or it wouldn't do at all. Do you see those lasts up on the shelf? Well, the men they were made for are dead now, the whole crowd; but I'll bet you there isn't one last in the lot that hasn't been patched and altered at least 40 times. That shows you how particular they were. Feet will change more from year to year than you have any idea of, and we had to keep track of such changes so as to make the boot sit perfectly snug. In those days a gentleman, especially a young gentleman who went into society, wouldn't have a boot that he could wear without cursing for the first week or so. They wanted them tight—tight as wax—and every young buck had his collection of bootjacks and bootjacks to get 'em on and off. Those tools were common birthday and Christmas presents back in the 40's and 50's, and some of them were gotten up very fine. I've seen bootjacks with silver mounts and mahogany handles that cost $100 a pair.

"The strain of pulling on a pair of tight boots was so great," continued the little cobbler, musingly, "that we used to run the strap ends half way down the inside of the leg and double sew them with waxed silk twist. A young gentleman was actually killed here in 1850, or thereabouts, by the breaking of his boot straps. I remember the circumstance well. He was going to a ball, and was sitting on a stool in his room, pulling on a pair of new boots with the hooks they used then. Both straps gave way together and he fell backward and hurt his spine so that he died next day. Yes, sir; that's a fact. The family are still living here, and I made boots for one of his uncles up to less than 10 years ago.

"No, I can't say there was anything especially peculiar about the boots of that time, except that they had much higher heels than are worn now, and very thick soles, generally finished around the edge with a stitching of yellow thread. A good pair of boots could be resoled four or five times, but it was seldom done. When they began to wear, a gentleman would give them to his body servant. The price of boots then was never less than $16 and more than $20, and the planters up the river thought nothing of ordering half a dozen, or even a dozen, pair at a time.

"I had one very good customer from Lafourche. He was a fine gentleman, with grand manners. One day he came into the shop to order a pair of boots, and while I was measuring him to correct his foot he looked at me very sharp. 'Will you allow me to see your tongue?' he said presently. I was surprised, but I put it out, and he pursed up his lips, like a man whistling. 'Hum-m-m,' said he, 'how is your appetite?' 'Poorish,' said I, for I wasn't feeling very well just then. 'Make me 12 pairs of boots this time,' said he, and walked out without another word. I felt kind of uncomfortable for a while after that, but, Lord bless you! I've outlived him these 20 years. Boots went out of style in the 70's, but a good many of the old people still stuck to them, and, for that matter, some are worn even to this day. I have four customers now that I make boots for regularly. They are all middle-aged men, and I used to work for their fathers and uncles. They say that the high leather legs keep them from catching cold, and they don't want the feet tight, but prefer them large and roomy. So I don't have to go to the trouble of correcting their lasts, as I did in the old days. I don't make shoes," added the old man, with a touch of asperity. "I never made a pair in my life, but it's lucky for me, perhaps, that they've taken to wearing them and make them as poor as they do. That brings in enough cobbling to keep the pot-a-boiling."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

"Gimme three nickel cigars," said the man with the red necktie at the restaurant counter. He was quickly supplied.

"Now gimme a good Havana or Key West cigar, about a 15 center."

He carefully lighted the Havana cigar and tucked the nickel cigars in his upper vest pocket.

"You smoke a Havana yourself and keep the nickel cigars for your friends, I suppose," said the dealer, with a sickly smile.

"No," said the man with the red necktie; "I've got a better scheme than that. I always smoke a 15 cent Havana or Key West cigar after dinner. Then I smoke the nickel cigars afterward. The nickel cigars taste exactly like the Havana cigar, and thus I get the benefit of four choice cigars that ordinarily would cost me 60 cents for 30 cents."

"Try it yourself," said the man with the red necktie as he walked out.—Chicago Tribune.

Men who think they are statesmen and diplomats by nature might, at any rate, consider the words of Bismarck: "Diplomacy," he says, "is no shoemaker's stool on which one can sit, stretch a knee strap and put a patch on a hole; diplomacy is not a craft which can be learned by years and developed by rote on a roller; diplomacy is an art."

Lightning has killed so many cattle while they were standing near wire fences that it is proposed to diminish the danger by means of ground wires, which will conduct the electricity into the earth.

When a fellow continues to grow fat he evidently believes in making the most of himself.

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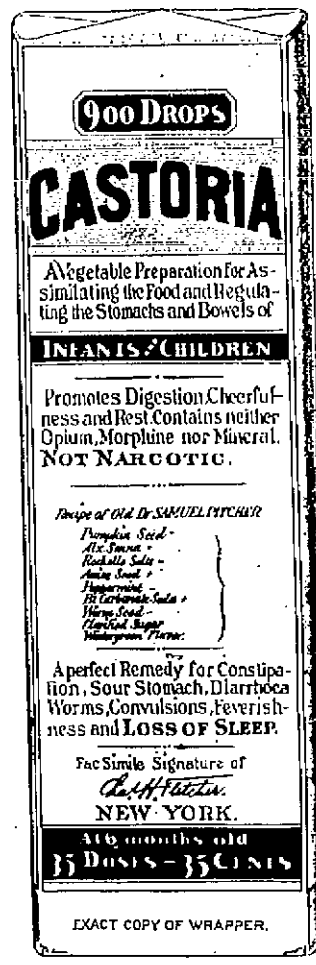

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What He Done With It.

Some time ago a well-known barrister had under cross-examination a youth from the country, who rejoiced in the name of Sampson, whose replies were the causes of much laughter in the court.

"And so," questioned the barrister, "you wish the court to believe that you are a peacefully disposed and inoffensive kind of person?"

"Yes."

"And that you have no desire to follow the steps of your namesake and smite the Philistines?"

"No, I've not," answered the youth, "and if I had the desire I ain't got the strength at present."

"Then you think you would be unable to cope successfully with a thousand enemies and utterly root them with the jawbone of an ass?"

"Well," answered the ruffled Sampson, "I might have a try when you have done with the weapon."—London Spare Moments.

A boy of about 14, with well worn clothes and a face in which timidity and determination struggled for the mastery, entered the office of a shipping house on Front street one day last week, approached the desk of him whose appearance spoke the control of the establishment and, catching his eye, said:

"Do you want a boss, mister?"

"What?" exclaimed the proprietor, surprised out of his self control.

"I want to know if you want a boss, sir."

"I don't understand you. What do you mean?"

"Well, sir, I've been looking for something to do for three weeks now, and nobody wants a boy, so today I thought I'd see if somebody didn't want a boss. I'd like to be a boss."

"Well, well! That's not bad. Are you willing to work up to the job? It took me 25 years to get it."

"Deed I am, sir, if you'll give me the chance."

Today an earnest boy in jumper and overalls is struggling with bundles and packing cases in the shipping room of the concern. He intends to be boss of the establishment before his side whiskers, which have not yet sprouted, are as gray as those of the present incumbent.

And the chances, with his energy and will, are in his favor.—New York Times.

"Never mind," said the comforter to the dejected lover. "Don't let one refusal deter you. Ask her again. A woman's no often means yes."

"A woman's no may sometimes mean yes," replied the rejected one, "but I am convinced that a woman's 'nit' means no."—Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.

The yakamik, a species of crane, is said to be one of the most intelligent birds known. The bird is used by the natives of Venezuela, South America, in the place of the shepherd dogs, for guarding and herding their flocks of sheep. It is said that however far the yakamix may wander with the flocks, it never fails to find its way home at night, driving before it all the creatures entrusted to its care.

"You can't deny that he is a broad-minded man."

"Possibly he is, but if his mind has breadth it certainly has no depth."—Chicago Post.

"What made that widow elope? Did her friends object to the match?"

"No, but she said her first marriage was so tame and uninteresting."—Chicago Record.

The most effective blows are delivered in the guise of kind words.

A well known artist used to tell a good story concerning his first academy picture. He was favored by many visitors to see it, his frame maker among the number. This good fellow took his stand before the work and seemed buried in profound admiration.

"Well," said the painter, "what do you think of it, John?"

"Think of it, sir? Why, it's perfect. You won't see one better, I know. Mr. —— has got one just like it."

"What!" said the amazed artist. "A picture just like that?"

"Oh," replied the frame maker, "I wasn't talking about pictures. I was speaking of the frame. You may believe me, sir, it's the frames as gets 'em in, and that is just a beauty!"

"John!" whispered the good woman in the dead of night, "there are burglars downstairs."

"You go down, dear," replied John, sleepily. "They wouldn't dare strike a woman."—Philadelphia Press.

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MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP has been used by millions of mothers for their children while teething. If disturbed at night and broken of your rest by a sick child suffering and crying with pain of Cutting Teeth send at once and get a bottle of "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for Children Teething. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately. Depend upon it, mothers, there is no mistake about it. It cures Diarrhœa, regulates the Stomach and Bowels, cures Wind Colic, softens the Gums, reduces Inflammation, and gives tone and energy to the whole system. "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for children teething is pleasant to the taste and is the prescription of one of the oldest and best female physicians and nurses in the United States. Price twenty-five cents a bottle. Sold by all druggists throughout the world. Be sure and ask for "Mrs. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP."

Amid a multitude of projects, no plan is devised.

Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup has never disappointed any one. For obstinate coughs or colds, and irritations of the throat and lungs, it is a sure cure. It stands unrivaled as a remedy for deep-seated throat and lung diseases. Sold by all druggists at 25 cents a bottle.

He sleeps well that knows not that he sleeps ill.

If there ever was a specific for any one complaint, then Carter's Little Liver Pills are a specific for Sick Headache, and every woman should know this. They are not only a positive cure, but a sure preventive if taken when the approach is felt. Carter's Little Liver Pills act directly on the liver and bile, and in this way remove the cause of disease without first making you sick by a weakening purge. If you try them you will not be disappointed.

To do two things at once is to do neither.

If you are tired taking the large old fashioned griping pills, try Carter's Little Liver Pills and take some comfort. A man can't stand everything. One pill a dose. Try them.

Patience is a remedy for every sorrow.

Those unhappy persons who suffer from nervousness and dyspepsia should use Carter's Little Nerve Pills, which are made expressly for sleepless, nervous, dyspeptic sufferers. Price 25 cents.

A fair exterior is a silent recommendation.

To accommodate those who are partial to the use of atomizers in applying liquids into the nasal passages for *catarrhal troubles*, the proprietors prepare Ely's Liquid Cream Balm. Price including the spraying tube is 75 cents. Druggists or by mail. The liquid embodies the medicinal properties of the solid preparation. Cream Balm is quickly absorbed by the membrane and does not dry up the secretions but changes them to a natural and healthy character. Ely Brothers, 56 Warren St., N. Y.

As men, we are all equal in the presence of death.

If you once try Carter's Little Liver Pills for sick headache, biliousness or constipation, you will never be without them. They are purely vegetable; small and easy to take. Don't forget this.

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Direct all communications to

E. M. TILLEY,
care Newport Historical Rooms,
Newport, R. I.

SATURDAY, NOV. 24, 1900.

NOTES.

CHRONOLOGY OF THE ISLAND OF RHODE ISLAND.

1665. Mumford, Stephen, came to Newport and commenced preaching the observance of the Seventh Day Sabbath. Church established 1671.

1705. Martindale, Isaac, formerly Deputy and Assistant, died May 11.

1715. Meeum, Jeremiah, for murder of his wife, hung in chains on Wanumetonomy Hill, March 12.

1742. Malbone, Col. Godfrey, built elegant mansion at "Tammany Hill."

1749. Moravians, Society of United Brethren formed, by George Harke and his wife, and Matthew Rentz, called Wright.

1751. Marine Society incorporated, as Fellowship Club.

1751. Maxon, Rev. John, ordained pastor of Seventh Day Baptist Church, Newport.

1758. MERCURY, Newport, published by James Franklin.

1760. Malbone's, Col. Godfrey, fine residence at Tammany Hill, burned June 17.

1768. Malbone, Col. Godfrey, died February 22, at Newport. He came here about 1700, married Margaret Scott. He left two sons, Godfrey and John; Thomas, a graduate of Harvard, having died before. Godfrey, Jr., married a sister of Francis Brinley, died 1785. Godfrey, Sr., had five daughters. One married Dr. William Hunter, and one Francis Brinley.

1773. Moffatt, Dr. Thomas, Newport, made application to the General Assembly for restitution of property, destroyed by the mob in 1765, without success. He became obnoxious on account of his connection with Augustus Johnson and Martin Howard, Jr. (especially in regard to the Stamp Act.) He was a native of Scotland, and came to Newport, 1746, and practised physic. Supposed to have been concerned in the rebellion of 1745. From 1765 to 1775 he was Comptroller of Customs at New London. Returned to England at the commencement of the Revolutionary War. His residence—later owned by Mrs. B. Hazard, in Broad street, and a farm at Narragansett, both were confiscated. His losses by the mob were laid at 1310 pounds.

1778. Maxson, Rev. John, Sabbatarian minister, died March 2.

1779. Mott, Jacob, Quaker Preacher, grandfather of Gen. Greene, died at Portsmouth, Jan. 21, aged 81 years.

1780. MERCURY, The publication of the Newport, resumed, January, by Henry Barber. It had been suspended Dec. 2, 1776.

1785. May 12, Malbone, Col. Godfrey, Jr., died, aged 59 years. He was the eldest son of Godfrey Malbone, was educated at Queen's College, Oxford; returned to Rhode Island, and 1744 was appointed colonel of a regiment of 400 men, who were drafted and ordered to Albany, but returned without having reached their destination; the enemy having retreated. Until the Revolutionary War he was a partner with his brother John, in Newport. He then went to Pomfret, where he died without issue.

1795. Medusa, a French Frigate, arrived at Newport, June 2, having on board Citizen Adet, French minister to United States, and suite. Sailed September 4th, and escaped the British cruisers.

1795. February, Mawdsley, John, Esq., merchant, died at Newport, aged 73 years.

1796. Marchant, Hon. Henry, District Judge, died at Newport, August 30, aged 55 years.

1797. Mason, Daniel, Esq., merchant, Newport, died September 21, aged 42 years.

1798. Morris, Gouverneur, late minister to France, arrived at Newport, from Hamburg, October 31.

1799. Moore, Thomas W., late British Consul for Rhode Island, died at London, May 8, aged 64 years.

1799. Minturn, Captain William, merchant of New York, died at Newport, August 23.

(To be continued.)

QUERIES.

1722. DEXTER—Who were the parents of Gregory Dexter, of Olney, England, and later of Providence, R. I.? I should be very glad to learn his English ancestry. He was born in 1610, and died in 1700. He married Abigail Fullerton, who died after 1703. Were they married in England, and when?—O. R. G.

1723. MANTON—Who was the wife of Edward Manton, of Providence, R. I., who died before 1682? Would like his parentage. Did he come to Providence from England?—A. S.

1724. POTTER—Has any one ever found the maiden name of Dorothy Potter, widow, who married John Albro? She was born 1617, died February 19, 1696. He was born 1617, died December 14, 1712, at Portsmouth, R. I. When were they married, and when was Dorothy Potter married to her first husband, —— Potter? What was his Christian name?—E. A.

1725. TAYLOR—Who was the Mary Taylor, probably of South Kingstown, R. I., who died April 21, 1771. She was the wife of John Gardiner, of South Kingstown, born July 8, 1693, married second, ——, died July 7, 1770. He was the son of William Gardiner and Abigail Remington. Would like any information that may give me a clue to the ancestry of Mary Taylor, wife of John Gardiner.—R. G.

1726. NEWTON—Thomas Newton, born ——, died ——, married April 16, 1643, Joan Smith, of Richard Smith, of Kingstown, R. I. She died before 1644. Can any one supply the missing dates? What was the ancestry of Thomas Newton? Where did he come from?—A. M.

1727. WARD—I should like to know the name of wife of John Ward, of Gloucester, England, and Newport, R. I. He was born 1619, died April, 1698. When was he married?—S. R.

1728. SHERMAN, CHASE—Did M. K. ever receive an answer to his Chase query? Rev. William A. Eardly, Henderson, Maine, is historian of the Chase family. Did Philip (Samuel) Sherman marry Sarah Odding?—W. M. R.

1729. BALLARD.—I wish to obtain parentage of Joseph Ballard, born somewhere, February 7, 1766. He first appears in Tinmouth, Vt., going from that place to Georgia, Vt. Family tradition says that his parents' names were Joseph and Mary, and that they lived in Connecticut. He married November 14, 1793, Polly Loomis, born May 5, 1775. She is not mentioned in Loomis Genealogy. Her parentage is unknown. Would like to find it, if possible.—J. B. M.

1730. SHEFFIELD.—Lydia Barbour married James Sheffield of Charlestown, R. I.; later moved to Cotton Hollow, Glastonbury; whose daughter was she? James was born Aug. 27, 1773.

Thomas Sheffield, born November 25, 1740, married Weltha Pendle'on, born Feb. 11, 1744; whose daughter was she? Was Thomas a Revolutionary soldier?

Nathaniel Sheffield, born 1714, at South Kingstown, R. I. Could he have been in the Revolutionary War?

Joseph Sheffield, born Nov. 2, 1685, married Mary Earl, Jan. 27, 1708; whose daughter was she? Where was she born?

Joseph Sheffield born August 22, 1661, married Mary, daughter of Thomas and Martha Sheriff, Feb. 12, 1685; where did she live?

Jehubod Sheffield born 1626, married Mary, daughter of George Parker, at Portsmouth, R. I. The marriage was published in 1660.

Any information relating to the above will be gratefully received.—F. W. D.

1731. ROGERS.—Who can help with the ancestry of the following Rogers?

One authority says "Smith Barbour married a sister of Nathan Rogers", another "Smith Barbour married Hannah Kenyon". Did he have two wives?

Elizabeth, daughter of Capt. John Rogers, married, on Dec. 23, 1759, Lieut. Josiah Rogers, from England. Did Josiah have brothers and sisters in R. I.? Did he have a son Josiah? Whom did he marry? Josiah², born after 1790, said to have been the son of Josiah, married Huldah Hyde? A brother of Elizabeth, James Rogers, born 1752, married Amy Bronson, born 1752.

Whose son was James Rogers, born 1720 in R. I., married Mercy Tefft born 1715? Did this James have brother Samuel, born 1726? Did this James and Mercy Tefft have son James who also married a Mercy Tefft?

Harper Rogers born 1730. Was he brother of the above James? Harper Rogers, Jr., born in Rhode Island, March 19, 1761, married June 19, 1786, Susan Barber. Was she sister of Smith Barber? Susan was daughter of Daniel and Delia Barber.

Oliver Rogers was trustee of Baptist Church in Greenwich, Wash. Co., N. Y., 1793. Who was he? Whose son was Nathan Rogers who married Dorothy Cleveland and came from Rhode Island?

All these Rogers came before the Revolution and settled in Washington County, N. Y.—J. F. S.

1732. YOUNG.—Who was John Young, married March 29, 1755, Susanna Clayton in Trinity Church Newport, R. I. Did John Young have a brother Jonh?—J. F. S.

1733. GRAY.—Edward Gray married Asceneth Yager, probably in Pelham, Mass. Came to Salem, N. Y., about 1790. Who was Asceneth Yager? John Gray, who was one of the founders of Pelham, was grandfather of Edward Gray.—J. F. S.

1734. TOLL or TULL.—Who was Asceneth Toll or Tull, died 1811 aged 47 years. She was related or connected with Nathan and Samuel Rogers families. Was Lydia, wife of Samuel Rogers, a Tull? Jesse Toll was an early settler in the same county.—J. F. S.

1735. SHERMAN.—Who can inform me what Shermans were early settlers of Vermont?—J. F. S.

Portsmouth.

The officers of Eureka Lodge, No. 22, A. F. & A. M., that were elected some weeks since and whose names were reported in the MERCURY at that time were publicly installed on Tuesday evening of this week by R.·. W.·. O. H. P. Belmont, District Deputy Grand Master for the 5th Masonic District in Rhode Island, assisted by R.·. W.·. Robert S. Franklin, as Grand Master of Ceremonies and W.·. Overton G. Langley as Grand Chaplain. The party went out from Newport and returned in a special car. After the installation, addresses were made by the gentlemen mentioned above, and a musical programme was rendered by a quartette consisting of Messrs. Irons, Rankin, Smith and Commerford of Newport, with Mrs. Irons as accompanist. A collation was served.

Mr. and Mrs. George Sturgiss and child, who have been in this city during the past week, have returned home.

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Middletown.

COURT OF PROBATE.—At the regular session of the Court of Probate held on Monday last all the members were present, when action was taken on the following named estates. Estate of Henry D. DeBlois, Jr., Sarah H. DeBlois, the Administratrix, on her petition was authorized to sell certain property at private sale.

Estate of Henry F. Taber. The second and final account of Charles H. Ward, his administrator, was referred to the third Monday of December and notice ordered thereon.

Estate of Elizabeth W. Howland. The petition of William T. Howland, Ella H. Leys and Frances S. Smith, to appoint Clinton G. Smith, administrator thereon, was referred to the third Monday of December and notice of its pendency ordered to be given.

IN TOWN COUNCIL.—A petition was presented on behalf of Aquidneck Grange, and signed by Mrs. W. Clarence Peckham and Mrs. Howard G. Peckham, representing that the Grange was hiring the Town Hall and that the Hall was in a very dirty condition, and asking the Council to have the same cleaned. In response to this petition, Councilman Lionel H. Peabody was appointed a committee, to cause the necessary cleaning to be done.

A statement of damages done by dogs to poultry belonging to T. W. Duffy of Newport and appraised at $49.30, was allowed and he was granted an order on the dog fund for the proportional part due from Middletown.

A long list of accounts was presented. The accounts were all allowed and ordered paid from the town treasury and included the following:

John F. Peabody, Freeborn Coggeshall, George Coggeshall and Dennis J. Murphy for services as supervisor of the election held November 6, $3.00 each—$12.00; John D. Blair, wood and other articles furnished the town hall, $3.05; for bounty due on skunks, dogs and minks, $13; Nathaniel Peckham, services as moderator, $10; Charles Peckham, for drawing deeds of burial lots in Middletown cemetery, $12; Joel Peckham, for collecting town tax assessed in May, 1899, $150; John H. Spooner, for repairs on the highways of district No. 1, $106.20; Charles A. Peckham, for repairs on the highways of district No. 4, $59; J. Overton Peckham, balance on contract for improving 975 feet of Miantonomi avenue, $62.25; J. Overton Peckham, contract price for stoning 1800 feet of the East Main road, $1,050; J. Overton Peckham, part payment on contract for stoning 450 feet of Green End avenue on Tilley's Hill, $405; T. T. Pitman, for advertising proposals to improve Green End avenue, $6; accounts for the relief of the poor, $44.50; giving a grand total of $2,533, ordered paid from the town treasury.

VOTING MACHINES AGAIN.—At the October session of the town council the matter of adopting the system of voting by machine was considered and it was decided adversely. At Monday's council meeting a representative of the McTammany Voting Machine Company was present and urged the adoption of the McTammany voting machine, and presented statements from the officials of some of those towns where the machines were used on November 6, in support of their utility and superior adaptation for voting. After a patient hearing of the machine advocate, the council concluded to adhere to their former decision for the present.

Block Island.

The new steamer to run between this island, Newport and Providence, will soon be under way. The plans are about completed. Bids have been called for and were opened this week, but the figures were a trifle in excess of the amount at the command of the commission, hence there will be a modification of the plans. The question now is whether to have a boat of great speed or a slower craft at less expense. The boat will be ready to go on the line before the opening of the summer season.

Harry Smith, one of the owners and crew of the schooner Elnora Hill, is ill with typhoid fever, as is also Everett Rose on the south side of the island.

Edgar H. Littlefield, one of the crew of Sandy Point Life Saving Station, and Miss Maud Briggs, were married by Rev. Mr. Roberts at the parsonage last Sunday evening.

The office of Observer Day of the U. S. Weather Bureau has been newly furnished in compliance with recommendations made by the Inspector recently here. A new stove, large polished oak writing table with two sets of drawers, document file, typewriter, pair of field glasses and a set of polished oak chairs are among the recent additions.

It seems probable that at least part of the farm of the late Simon R. Sheffield, who died intestate, will soon be offered for sale, to settle up the estate. It is probable that it will go at a very reasonable price, as most of the people in the neighborhood who have money to buy land have land enough already.

A son of Warren Rose, about 10 years of age, died last Saturday of typhoid fever and was buried Monday afternoon in the Island cemetery.

The work of repairing the church at the "Centre" has been begun, and present appearances indicate that if the repairs are to be in any sense thorough considerable time will be required. Perhaps the town hall will come in for treatment later on.

Tiverton.

The thirteenth anniversary of the P. M. Church, North Tiverton, was observed Sunday by special services. Mrs. Rev. J. W. Norris, of Pascoag, R. I., was the speaker of the day. Her morning theme was "Anniversaries," and in the evening, "The Value of a Soul." In the afternoon a service of song entitled "Adrift" was finely rendered by a choir of twenty-five and an orchestra of six pieces, with Miss Susie Holland, reader, and J. F. Pate, director. The services were largely attended. The collection taken during the day will go towards the renovation of the church.

At the Friend's Church Sunday evening four new members were voted into the Society of Christian Endeavor. A vote was taken to have the meetings held Wednesday evenings at the homes of the members, as cottage prayer meetings. Social meetings will be held in the church Saturdays, to which all are invited.

At the last session of the supreme court at Newport, Judge Douglass appointed S. Gilman Bowen, John R. Hicks and William H. Lawton, of Newport, commissioners to settle the Samuel Negus estate on the Bulgar Marsh road, between Mrs. Andrews, her son Eben, and J. Otis Hambly and wife. Mr. Lawton has surveyed the land, and the commissioners will hold a meeting in the near future.

A literary society was organized Monday evening at the home of Miss Grace E. Manchester. The attendance was good and considerable interest was manifested in the study of the poem "Evangeline." Mr. C. R. Wilson was elected president, Miss Green, secretary, and Mrs. F. H. Davis, Mrs. S. Gilman Fowler and Miss Grace E. Manchester, executive committee. It was voted that the society should meet Monday evenings at the home of some of its members.

All the fishing steamers belonging to the American Fisheries Company have arrived and anchored in the bay for the winter. Their crews are discharged.

The engine house at the former factory of William J. Brightman & Co. has been taken down, together with the other buildings located there. The buildings are being moved to the Narragansett factory, where they will be used for various purposes.

Emerson F. Ash has been appointed custodian of the personal property of the late Isaac G. White.

Ben-Hur.

The opening performance of Klaw & Erlanger's magnificent production of "Ben-Hur" at the new Colonial Theatre in Boston will occur Wednesday evening, December 19th. There is a popular interest displayed in this great drama never before noted in connection with any theatrical effort made in America. This interest is deserved, for none other has ever treated of so exalted a theme. Hundreds of thousands of people have read Gen. Lew Wallace's beautiful story of "Ben-Hur," and everyone who has read it desires to see its characters and scenes displayed in the more realistic atmosphere of dramatic portrayal. The integrity of a story translated to the stage has never been so faithfully maintained as in the play of "Ben-Hur," especially in religious interest.

In the dramatic version the auditor sees every important incident in the career of the hero, the locale of every scene so wonderfully described by the author and every character followed with special interest in the book. There is the quarrel between Ben-Hur and Messala; the arrest of Ben-Hur after the accident of the falling tile; the battle between the Romans and the pirates; the rescue of Arrius by Ben-Hur; the meeting of Ben-Hur and Esther; the rescue of Iras and Balthasar from death under the wheels of Messala's chariot in the Grove of Daphne; the revels of the worshippers of Apollo in this famed pleasure ground; the training of the Arabian horses of Shiek Ilderim for the chariot race, the great wagers on the race outside the arena; the race itself in the arena, eight horses struggling for supremacy in speed, Ben-Hur winning the contest; the discovery that the lost mother and sister of Ben-Hur are lepers in the Vale of Hinnon and the miracle of the cleansing of the lepers by the Nazarene on Mt. Olivet when on his way to Jerusalem.

Although the play of "Ben-Hur" is a romantic drama, presenting two great sensational scenes—the sea fight and the chariot race—the religious atmosphere of the story has been carefully preserved in the play, it being maintained by the prelude, the meeting of the wise men in the desert and the appearance to them of the star of Bethlehem; in the character of Balthasar, Ben-Hur's journey with the Nazarene and in the great miracle scene in the last act, where his presence is suggested by a shaft of wondrously beautiful light. A prominent writer, referring to the scene on Mt. Olivet, said: "I have never seen or read anything that made the life of Christ seem so near like a living reality."

Real Estate Sales and Rentals.

Simeon Hazard has rented for Mrs. Benj. Hazard to James Kiernan the lower half of her house, 22 Walnut street.

Simeon Hazard has rented to John Tierney for Mrs. Julia Kitchen the upper half of her house, No. 87 Friendship street.

Simeon Hazard has rented the upper half of the house, No. 22 Walnut street, to Garrett Landers for Mrs. Benj. Hazard.

Simeon Hazard has rented for Mrs. John B. Groff the upper half of her house, 28 Bridge street, to James O. Swan.

Simeon Hazard has rented the lower half of her house, No. 41 Second street, to George T. Coggeshall for James Walcott.

Simeon Hazard has sold to Wm. M. Carter and wife, for Wm. A. Armstrong and wife, their farm situate on Vaucluse avenue in Portsmouth, R. I. The farm is bounded: Northerly, by land of Barclay Hazard; easterly, by Vaucluse avenue; and southerly and westerly by land of Dennis Murphy, deceased, and contains about 11 acres of land and buildings.

A. O'D. Taylor has let upper half of house, No. 168 Prospect Hill street, corner of Bellevue avenue, to Nathan Dunlin for Henry D. DeBlois.

A. O'D. Taylor has rented on yearly lease to Mrs. Corinne Oldmixon the furnished cottage, No. 53 Everett street, above Francis street, for Mrs. Charles Acton Ives, who is spending the winter in Copenhagan.

A. O'D. Taylor has rented the former "Mendelssohn Studio," next the Club on Bellevue avenue, to E. W. Histed, of New York, the photographer, for the summer of 1901, for the heirs of the late J. M. Hodgson.

A. O'D. Taylor has rented for a term of years, to Doctor Knapp, the house and grounds at corner of Brinley street and Catherine street, for the heirs and devisees of the late David King.

An exchange says: Carl Schurz retains the record for being on the wrong side of more issues than any other man in the whole country.

Department of Streets and Highways.

NEWPORT, R. I., November 23, 1900.

TO THE MERCHANTS on Broadway and Washington Square from near the New City Hall to Washington Square near Thames Street, and to all persons interested in the petition of the Newport and Fall River Street Railway Company to extend its tracks along Broadway and down Washington Square.

Notice is hereby given that the Committee of the City Council of the City of Newport, on Streets and Highways, will give a Public Hearing to all said persons, in the Council Chamber in the New City Hall in the City of Newport on MONDAY, December 10th, 1900, at 8 o'clock p. m., with reference to the extension and location of the tracks of the Newport and Fall River Street Railway Company from their present location on Broadway at or near the New City Hall, down Broadway to Washington Square and along Washington Square towards Thames Street, and with reference to the petition of the said Newport and Fall River Street Railway Company for the said extension, presented to the City Council on the 21st day of November instant and referred to this Committee.

WILLIAM SHEPLEY,
Chairman Committee on Streets and Highways.
11-24-5w

Court of Probate, Middletown, R. I.,
November 19, A. D. 1900.

WILLIAM T. HOWLAND and others, present to this Court their petition in writing, praying that Clinton G. Smith, or some other suitable person, may be appointed Administrator on the estate of

ELIZABETH W. HOWLAND,

widow, late of said Middletown, who deceased intestate.

It is ordered that the consideration of said petition be referred to the Court of Probate to be held at the Town Hall in said Middletown, on Monday, the seventeenth day of December next, A. D. 1900, at one o'clock p. m., and that notice thereof be published for fourteen days, once a week at least, in the *Newport Mercury.*

ALBERT L. CHASE,
11-24 Probate Clerk.

Court of Probate, Middletown, R. I.,
November 19, A. D. 1900.

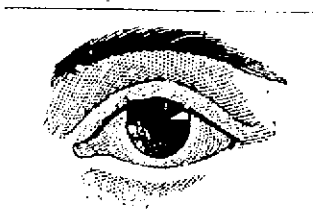
CHARLES H. WARD, the Administrator on the estate of

HENRY F. TABER,

late of said Middletown, deceased, presents to this Court his second and third account thereof, showing distribution as ordered by this Court, and thereon prays that the same may be examined, allowed and recorded.

It is ordered that the consideration of said account be referred to the Court of Probate to be held at the Town Hall in said Middletown, on Monday, the seventeenth day of December next, A. D. 1900, at one o'clock p. m., and that notice thereof be published for fourteen days, once a week at least, in the *Newport Mercury.*

ALBERT L. CHASE,
11-24 Probate Clerk.



Hundreds of people will read this advertisement and refuse to be convinced that the warning contained herein applies to them. If you could know the exact condition of your eyesight, and realize that by wearing the proper glasses now you might save yourself much suffering and inconvenience in years to come, would you hesitate to have your eyes examined? We will gladly examine your eyes and tell you their true condition, without any cost whatever.

Broken Frames Repaired and Lenses Replaced.

H. A. HEATH & CO.

JEWELERS and OPTICIANS,

162 THAMES STREET,

NEWPORT, R. I.

Established 1869.

HOLIDAY EDITIONS

—OF—

Elizabeth and Her German Garden, and The Solitary Summer.

Uniformly bound and illustrated with photogravure illustrations from actual photographs. Wonders of Nature, described by Great Writers. Cupid's Garden, by Ellen Thorneycroft Fowler. Alice of Old Vincennes, by Maurice Thompson. Quincy Adams Sawyer, by Charles Felton Pidgin. Wanted—A Match Maker, by Paul Leicester Ford; Illustrated by H. C. Christy.

THE PHILISTINE FOR NOVEMBER.

Carr's Book Shop,

DAILY NEWS BUILDING.
TELEPHONE 559-3.

GOLD.

The present outlook for the industry of mining is the brightest that has yet dawned upon this country. With the unparalleled period of prosperity now existing the attention of capital is turning from the usual ruts and traveling out to the immeasured wealth locked up in the Western Mountains. When we realize that hardly one per cent of this great mineral storehouse has been as yet touched and consider the millions of dollars already realized in legitimate mining operations, we form but a slight conception of the vast stores of wealth awaiting the hand of enterprise to turn it to the use of man.

THE NEWPORT-NEVADA MINING COMPANY

recently organized in Newport, R. I., offers an opportunity for the investment of capital in large or small amounts that promises large returns with a minimum of risk. For the purpose of further development a limited amount of the treasury stock is now offered for subscription at the rate of 50c per share, par value $1.00, full paid and non-assessable. Subscriptions payable at the rate of 2½c. per month.

The property comprises about 130 acres carrying rich veins of gold bearing quartz and is located in the Eagle Valley mining district, Lincoln County, Nevada.

Send for prospectus. Full information can be obtained at the office of the company, Aquidneck National Bank Building, Newport, R. I.

ALEX. N. BARKER,
President.
J. K. SULLIVAN,
7-11 Treasurer.

Annual Bargain Sale

—OF—

WALL PAPERS

—AT—

HALF PRICE.

10c PAPERS,	5c
15c PAPERS,	8c
25c PAPERS,	12 1-2c
50c PAPERS,	25c

All BORDERS Half Price.

SPOT CASH.

W. C. Cozzens & Co.,

138 THAMES STREET.

For Rent.

Good rooms in the MERCURY Building, either furnished or unfurnished. Possession given April 1st.

Enquire at the MERCURY OFFICE.

Furnished Cottages

on various parts of the Island

FOR RENT.

Apply to H. S. MILLIKIN,
6-23 tf Block Island, R. I.

NOTICE.

I have removed my ROOTS AND HERBS DISPENSARY and residence to 18 Farewell street.

R. W. PEARCE.

NEW ENGLAND BRIEFS.

The D. Willard Robinson Memorial hall at Norwell, Mass., erected by the Women's Relief Corps, for its own and Grand Army purposes, was formally turned over by the builders to the corps, the exercises bringing together a large number of out-of-town guests.

Engineer John A. Lovell of Pawtucket, R. I., who has been continuously employed on the Providence and Stonington railroad and its successors for 50 years, has resigned.

The voluntary petition in bankrupcy of Elmer E. McGaffery, a salesman, was filed at Boston, the liabilities being $35,841, with assets of 45.

Fire in the plant of the Leominster (Mass.) Manufacturing company, manufacturers of celluloid and horn goods, caused damage of $6500.

Robert Wood of Albion, Me., died from injuries received as the result of the accidental discharge of a shotgun while hunting.

Charles Benis of North Readfield, Me., aged 10, was drowned in Lake Maranacook. The boy was out in a leaky boat, which went down.

Frank O'Brien, who attempted to vote on another man's name at a Republican caucus at Boston, was sent to jail for three months.

Frederick H. Benton of New Haven filed a petition in bankruptcy in the United States court at Hartford. His statement gives his liabilities as $150,297.73.

Miss Candace Allen has given to Brown university a portrait of her father, Zachariah Allen, class of 1813, who held the office of trustee from 1820 to 1832. Mr Allen was one of the best known Rhode Island men during his life.

John E. Campbell, 60 years old, was drowned in a lake near Princeton, Me., by the upsetting of his boat.

Frank Owens, brakeman, was knocked off the top of a freight car at Hartford, and received injuries from which he died.

The centenary of the founding of the order of the Ladies of the Sacred Heart was celebrated at Elmhurst, the convent of the order in Providence, with elaborate ceremony.

Mrs. Sarah Grumbley, aged 70, who was well known throughout Connecticut for her connection with various societies, died suddenly of apoplexy while attending a funeral at Meriden, Conn.

The cornerstone of the new Coram library building at Lewiston, Me., was laid with impressive ceremonies.

Henry Shepard, 89, a life-long resident of Northampton, Mass., a farmer and merchant, is dead. He was known as a clever and tireless horseback rider till the time of his fatal illness.

Mrs. Hannah Carpenter, aged 100 years, 9 months and 12 days, died at Norton, Mass.

Boston Democratic leaders carried their plan for the nomination of James A. Gallivan of ward 13 for street commissioner.

Schooner A. B. Hoyt, at Danversport, Mass., reports that Mate John MacKinnon was washed overboard and drowned during a blow off Cape Cod. MacKinnon was 34 years old, and belonged in Maine.

Schooner Myra B. Weaver, which was towed into Boston in a dismasted condition, was examined by a diver, who found that her keel was gone and bilges started, and the vessel's bottom otherwise badly damaged. It is impossible to keep her free.

Robert Wood, a farmer of Albion, Me., was wounded by the accidental discharge of his shotgun while hunting. His recovery is doubtful.

Lemuel A. Gray, one of the organizers in Maine of the greenback party and a well-to-do farmer, who lived near the New Portland line, died suddenly from heart disease. He was 64 years old, and a veteran of the Civil war and a member of the Grand Army.

The body of Ellen Dean, 50 years old, was found at her home at Fall River, Mass. The medical examiner decided that death was due to natural causes.

In the United States circuit court at Boston, Judge Colt entered a decree in the case of Clark M. Platt vs. the trustees of the Massachusetts Real Estate company, allowing the temporary receiver's reports and discharging the receiver.

Elisha D. Buffington, member of the Massachusetts fish and game commission, died at Worcester. An operation for the removal of a tumor from the brain proved fatal. Mr. Buffington was 65 years old.

Schooner Amos Tucker arrived at Gloucester, Mass., with her flag at half-mast for the loss of William T. Smith, one of the crew. Smith left the schooner in his dory. It is believed that he overloaded his boat and capsized.

As an express train was passing the Weymouth, Mass., station Hernan A. Damon, aged 41, who was on the platform, slipped and fell directly in front of the engine and was instantly killed.

Friends of Antone Zerbone of New Bedford, Mass., are fearful lest some disaster has overtaken him. Zerbone sailed a week ago on a fishing trip across Buzzard's bay.

Daniel D. Tully, 23 years old, employed railroad, while riding on the footboard at Boston fell off and was run over and killed.

While walking along a street at Malden, Mass., Lizzie Connell, aged 21, received a bullet in her thigh, the wound having a serious aspect. The shot was fired by a boy who was practicing with a rifle.

Dr. John Swan, one of the oldest citizens of Westbrook, Me., is dead. He was born at Frowenfield, Me., in 1810, and served with distinction as a surgeon of the United States cavalry in the Civil war.

Richard Lehannon of Crockertown, Me., who is supposed to have been left a large legacy, was taken insane after a trip to Lewiston and is now at large.

The First Congregational church of Concord, N. H., celebrated the 170th anniversary of its organization with appropriate ceremonies.

After having driven away a team belonging to another at Providence, been thrown out and rendered partially unconscious, Jonathan Haines, 26 years of age, as soon as recovering consciousness, planted a 32-caliber bullet just above his heart. The wound will not prove fatal.

Williams college was victorious in the annual debate with Wesleyan university, that being the decision of the judges. The proposition was: "Resolved, That an income tax should form a part of our federal system of taxation." Wesleyan supported the affirmative.

Vessel Ashore and Captain Killed.

Boothbay, Me., Nov. 19.—Schooner Agate ran ashore on Tumbles Island. Captain Hall was struck by the foreboom, knocked overboard and drowned. The Agate was from Bangor with a cargo of lumber for Boston. Captain Hall was her owner. The vessel will probably be a total loss.